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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE FIRST STEP.

'Take care,' said a father to the son, 'of the first step in sin.' Good as the advice was, it was forgotten or neglected. The son, confident in his own strength of mind, felt indignant at the implication that he could be guilty of a dishonorable act. Years passed on, the venerable father had long been reposing in the grave, and the son, at the age of fifty, reduced by disease to the last verge of life, made the following dying confession:

'Life draws to a close; my career has been miserable, and death finds me without hope. A misspent life is about to be succeeded by a terrible reckoning. An affectionate father earnestly cautioned me, in the days of my self-confiding youth, to guard against the first step in sin. His advice was thoughtlessly rejected, and to this may all my subsequent miserics be traced. While under my father's roof, and impressed by his example, I thought that I could never be induced to utter a falsehood; but when engaged in business, I was tempted to secure purchasers by exaggerating the quality of my goods, and this so weakened the moral senses that I could soon, without compunction, habitually deceive purchasers by palming upon them inferior articles. This prepared the way for direct falsehood. At this I learned never to hesitate, when I conceived it to be for my worldly profit. By constant practice, I soon lost all reverence for the sacred character of truth, and at length, on more than one occasion, I perjured myself for gain, with no other counteracting feeling than that of the fear of detection. Between perjury and the first departure from strict truth there is a wide difference! and yet, I can now see the descent was gradual and easy. The first step led to the last.

'Often have I heard my father express his admiration of that language of the New Testament, 'Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' I so far felt the propriety of the direction given as to regard profane swearing as both unnecessary and disreputable. Mixing, however, with men of the world, I soon imitated their example in confirming my word with strong asseverations. These are regarded as innocent by many, but they led to greater departures from the proprieties of speech. An occasional oath seemed to give force to a declaration, and God was appealed to on slight occasions. Soon all reverence for the divine name wore off, and in common conversation it was used in a profane and impious manner. Swearing became a habit, until at length my conversation was interlarded with oaths, and my anger was expressed in the most terrible imprecations. Thus, also, between the first and the last there was a natural connection.

'Could I ever commit a wilful fraud? The time was when I would have spurned the insinuation. I felt strong in conscious integrity. The artifices of business, however, to which I have referred, not only involved a departure from truth, but led to the abandonment of common honesty. Praising goods beyond their value to tempt purchasers, was followed by more direct and positive frauds of a minor kind. I was finally led to cheat my creditors out of a large amount, by a pretended but fraudulent insolvency. All the public odium consequent on such a manœuvre was encountered without a blush, and for the sake of present gain I was willing to throw away all the reputation I had.

'Often had I been cautioned against the insidious approaches of intemperance; and my father's maxim was, they only are positively safe who refrain from taking the first false step. This caution I soon learned to ridicule. It is well enough, I thought, for those who have no power of self-control, to avoid all contact with the exhilarating cup; but as for myself, I had too good an opinion of my own resolution to doubt my power of abstinence, whenever I pleased to exercise it. I felt no difficulty in enjoying myself in this way in moderation, and even should I, for the sake of good companionship, indulge in occasional excess, I could prevent it from degenerating into slavish habit. Thus I reasoned, and thus I blinded myself. I made the first step; for sometime I advanced, but still could perceive no danger. I began moderately, and only increased the quantity as I felt my system, from a little practice, able to bear it. For several years I was sensible of no very serious evils resulting from the enjoyment, but at length I suffered the shame of a public exposure in a state of beastly intoxication. For a moment I relented, and determined to tax my resolution for an entire reform. It shall be so, I said; but it was not so. I felt chained like a galley-slave; my efforts to abstain only convinced me that I had placed myself under the power of a demon who could retain his prisoner. I was, in short, an irreclaimable drunkard; and each succeeding day only sunk me deeper into the abyss of degradation and ruin, from which I might have been saved by guarding the first step.

'Similar has been my career in other vices; the lustful thoughts has entailed licentious habits; anger in the heart has led to malice and revenge; and here, at length, lies the victim of those vices, worn out in body, broken down in reputation, lost in self respect, shocked at the recollection of the past, affrighted in view of the future. Oh! how different might it have been, had I been careful to guard against the *first step in sin*!'—*Presbyterian.*

A HINT TO MARRIED FOLKS.—It was remarked by an Italian author of considerable reputation, that one of the chief causes of the superiority of the Jesuits, while they flourished in all their glory, to all other religious communities, was the never failing politeness of their attentions to each other. 'The Jesuits,' said he, 'with whom none can vie in the pleasures of civil life, were exceedingly attentive to appear to each other in the most amiable light. The polite behavior of the first day was uniformly preserved by them during the many years that they continued together; so that the honey moon of their consociation, if this expression may be allowed, lasted for their lives. This reciprocal confidence, at first merely adopted, improved by habit into solid and uninterrupted harmony, which even their numerous enemies allowed to be the foundation of that superior reputation by which they eclipsed all the other orders.

FRET NOT THYSELF BECAUSE OF EVIL DOERS.

I. Let us examine the behavior here prohibited.

A man of a right spirit will feel the spirit stirring within him against Sin; whether the Sin be in himself or in others; whether it rise before him in the misdeeds of the oppressor, in the vices of the inebriate, in the arts of the libertine, or in the waywardness of a little child. He will not wonder, yet never feel—he will not behold, yet never care a feather—when evil doers are scattering fire-brands, arrows and death. Neither will he be roused because men do evil here or there, in this way or that—yet blink and nod and go to sleep over wickness in some other shape or some other place. It is impossible for us, if we obey the Bible, to look upon *any sort* of evil doing with indifference.

There is, then, a *feeling*, an excitement of *heart* against evil doers, which is duty. To describe it; it is—dislike—strong aversion—abhorrence. All this exists in the spotless citizen of heaven. It exists in God.

But—there is a kind of excitement which forsooth, because it is against *evil doers*, calls itself good, and passes for good, though it is kith and kin with the evil it opposes. It is not an excitement which leads us to yearn over the workers of iniquity. It is not an excitement which sends us to our closets to weep and plead in their behalf. It is an excitement which hurries us to harshness and bitterness; of look, of word, of deed. It is—passion. It is—ill humor. It is—wrath. It is what, in common talk, we call '*getting cross.*' It is what the Bible calls '*fretting ourselves.*' When we indulge it, we get out of all patience and into all agitation—perhaps, beside ourselves—because somebody does not do, or believe, or feel, or preach, what we think is right. When a child teases us; when a jockey cheats us; when a man-seller or a rum-seller will not mind us; when an impudent fellow insults us; when any one refuses our party, our doctrine, or our measures; when Congress thrusts out our petitions; when a Christian brother or Christian minister seems to us to say 'God speed' to the wicked;—whatever be the evil, and how great soever the provocation—the moment we lose our temper, the moment we get angry and vexed, we fall into the very behavior forbidden in our text. We '*fret*' ourselves because of evil doers.'—*Rev. S. Hopkin's Sermon.*

THE FIRST CROP.

There was an abbot of this land, who desired a piece of ground that lay conveniently for him. The owner at first, refused to sell it; but after much persuasion he consented. The abbot hired it for his rent, and covenanted to farm it for only one crop. He had his bargain, and sowed it with acorns—a crop that lasted three hundred years.—Thus it is with Satan, he begs but for the *first* crop; let him but sow thy youth with acorns, and they will grow up with thy years to sturdy oaks, so big-bulked and deep rooted, that they shall last all thy life. Sin hath a shrewd title when it can plead *prescription*; and Satan thinks his evidence as good as eleven points at law, when he hath once got possession. Let him be sure of thy youth, and he will be confident of thy age. He well knows that the blossoms in spring are the fruit in amtumn; and that in thy youth thou art not cloth, but wool; so that the deepest purple sins are those dying in the wool, Let thy soul, therefore, like Gideon's fleece, drink up betimes the dew of grace; for younger years well led, are as the sweetness of a rose, whose perfume still lingers though the leaves be dry. Take, therefore, the first opportunities of God's gracious motions and monitions: or if thou have omitted the first embrace the second: or, if many have passed unanswered by thee, embrace the *present invitation*; and even now, 'while it is called to day,' turn, with faith and repentance, unto the Lord thy God.—*Adams on 2 Peter.*

HOW TO LIVE.

We have lived so many years; and every day and every minute we make an escape from those thousands of dangers and deaths that encompass us round about: and such escapings we must reckon to be an extraordinary fortune, and therefore it cannot last long. Vain are the thoughts of man who, when he is young or healthful, thinks he has a long thread of life to run over, and that it is violent and strange for young persons to die; and natural and proper only for the aged. It is as natural for a man to die by drowning as by a fever: and what greater violence or more unnatural thing is it, that the horse threw his rider into the river than that a drunken meeting cast him into a fever? And the strength of youths are as soon broken by the strong sickness of youth, and the stronger intemperance, as the weakness of old age by a cough of asthma, or a continual rheum; nay, it is more natural for young men and women to die than for old; because that is more natural which hath more natural causes, and that is more natural which is most common; but to die with age is an extreme rare thing: and there are more persons carried forth to burial before the five-and-thirtieth year of their age, than after it: and therefore let no vain confidence make you hope for long life: if you have lived but little, and are still in youth, remember, that now you are in your biggest throng of dangers both of body and soul; and the proper sins of youth, to which they rush instinctively and without consideration, are also the proper and immediate instruments of death. But if you are old, you have escaped long and wonderfully, and the time of your escaping is out; you must not for ever think to live upon wonders, or that God will work miracles to satisfy your longing follies, and unreasonable desires of living longer to sin and to the world. Go home and think to die, and what you would choose to be doing when you die, that do daily: for you will all come to that pass to rejoice that you did so, or wish that you had; that will be the condition of every one of us: for God regardeth no man's person.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CONTENTMENT.

'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?' St. Matthew vi. 26.

When, therefore, you behold one of these choristers of heaven singing upon a naked bush amidst the darkness and desolation of winter, might you not address it in some such manner as the following? 'Sweet bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing; and yet knowest not where thou art, or where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in this same bush for a lodging while the winds shall howl through it, and thy feathers shall be wet with the rain or covered with the snow! How ought I to blush, who see before me such liberal provisions of my God, and finding myself warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop, through a distrustful and unthankful dulness? Had I so little certainty of my support and shelter, how anxious and heartless should I be! how little disposed should I be to make music for thee or myself? Surely thou camest not hither without a Providence; God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me out of my sullen unbelief; who, under far more apparent means of maintenance and protection, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith, alas! alas! have not done for me what mere instinct does for thee; and want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me. Certainly, thy providence O God, is not impaired by those superior powers thou hast given me; let not my greater helps hinder me from possessing a holy security and comfortable reliance on thee.'—*Bishop Hall.*

APOTHEGMS, BY L. E. L.

The lamented Mrs McLean, or L. E. L., though mostly known as a poetess, displayed, perhaps, more intellectual power in her prose writings than in her poetry. To support this opinion, we have selected the following apothegms—equalling, if not surpassing, those of Rochefoucault.—*N. Y. Lit. Gazette.*

'Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.'

'Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forfeit of future pain is paid for present pleasure.'

'We are reproached with forgetting others: we forget ourselves a thousand times more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, often accurately; not so with what we felt—that is faint and uncertain in its record. Memory is the least egotistical of all our faults.'

'The imaginative gods of the Grecians are dethroned—the warlike deities of the Scandinavians are feared no longer; but we have set up a new set of idols in their place, and we call them Appearances.'

'What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously.—We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colors, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?'

'Knowledge, when only the possession of a few, has almost always been turned to iniquitous purposes.'

'Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come single.'

'Habits are the petrifactions of the feelings.'

'Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth.'

'Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude.'

'Inclination never wants an excuse—and if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found.'

'Like the cards which form the child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nicely balanced one upon the other.'

'The pleasure of change is opposed to that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new.'

'Small evils make the worst part of great ones; it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.'

'Experience teaches it is true: but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again.'

'A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection.'

'Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken.'

'How much is there in one minute when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!'

'Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection.

'What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!'

'Attention is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them.'

'The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.'

'The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.'

'The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they look only on each other.'

'In the moral, as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossoms, bears them and dies.'

'Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.'

'The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.'

'There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the bye, for such wisdom is wholly wasted.'

'Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.'

'Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.'

'How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties!'

'Hope is the profit of youth—young eyes will always look forward.'

'There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much.

'The difference between good and bad intentions is this: that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas, evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by actions—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.'

'The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey.'

'We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

TO MY FATHER.

'Tis evening.
In the spangled canopy of Heaven
No cloud is seen to float, but on the bosom
Of the placid lake, the moon is resting
Like the light of Hope, when its sweet star
Burns brightest. Summer's soft breath plays in the
Trellised bower, whose roses seem the gift
Of some kind angel, that has thrown its fairest
Garland down from Heaven, to cheer earth's wand'rers.
It is the hour, when Fancy loves to plume
Its wings, and soar uncheck'd through its aerial
Halls; the hour when memory lights its sacred
Fires, upon the alter of the heart, and
Throws around the soul, a holy quiet,
That is not of earth.

'Tis at this hour
My Father, that I visit thee, in waking
Dreams of bliss, and feel the arms of 'love
Paternal' outstretched to circle me in
Their embrace. I feel thy anxious tears
Bathing my brow, with their warm flow, pure, from
Deep feeling's fount, and hear thy counsel fall
Like music on my ear, to cheer me onward
In the path of duty. Methinks the air
That fans me now, breathes softer and more
Balmily, as the still voice of mild affection
Seems wafted o'er me from the distance that
Doth intervene. My Father, would, the power
Were mine, to strew with flowers the pathway
Of thy life; to set prosperity's bright sun,
To gild a clear horizon o'er thy head;
To spread an angel guard around, to watch
Thy footsteps, and to throw upon thy soul
The heavenly mantle of serenity and peace.
Thou art a lovely one, my Father!
Affliction's bitter cup was proffered to
Thy lips, and thou wast made to drink it to
The dregs. I will not wonder that thy brow
Is oft times sadly overcast, I will
Not wonder that thy heart has lost its
Gaiety, for deep within, there is 'a void
And silent place,' which nought again can fill,
Yet, as thy comforts vanish, do thy children's
Hearts, more closely cling to thee in love.
Oh may the bliss be mine, to cheer in thy
Declining years, and whisper comfort to thy
Stricken heart, to minister to thee, when
Sickness lays its withering blight upon thy frame,
And lavish on thee, all I have to give,
My love.

Yes, I will ask for thee, the choicest
Blessings, Heaven can e'er bestow; that peace
Of mind, that earth takes not away,
That holy joy, that earth can never yield.
Be thine the peaceful slumbers, and the
Downy couch; thine be the friend that closest
Clings in sorrow's hour, and thine, at last
A sweet repose, beside the fountain
Of eternal life.

L. B. T.

THE LAST OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Departed this life, in Charleston, S. C., on the 17th ult., Mr Stephen Thomas, in the 89th year of his age. Mr T. was born in the village of Eymet, department La Dordogne, France, on the 19th of August, A. D. 1750, and fled with an elder maiden sister, to London, in 1764, to join the Rev. Mr Gibert, who, with his congregation had also been compelled to seek an asylum from the persecutions which they endured in their native land. This congregation of exiles consisted of nearly one hundred individuals; and by a kind Providence, they arrived here in safety, on the 12th of April, 1764, where the subject of this notice has ever since resided. At an early period of the revolutionary struggle, Mr T. returned to his native country on business, where he suffered a painful detention from his family for about three years. On his return, he was captured by the British fleet in the Chesapeake, where he remained some time a prisoner. At length being exchanged, he returned to Charleston, and immediately joined the troops in defence of his adopted country: was at the battle of Fort Moultrie, and afterwards was with Gen. Marion to the close of the war.

At what age Mr Thomas became a professor of religion, we have not ascertained; but from some circumstances it is presumed that, like Obadiah, he was one who 'feared God from his youth.' For many years he was a Ruling Elder of the French Protestant Church in this city—a church strictly Calvinistic in its creed, and Presbyterian in its model. The blowing up of the church edifice, in the great fire of 1796, the subsequent death of their pastor, the Rev. Mr Boudinot, and the delay experienced in obtaining another, were among the causes which led to the dispersion of the flock among other churches of the city. Still there are strong attachments among the descendants of the congregation to the religion of their fathers. But none of the original flock now remain.

When the second Presbyterian church was established in 1810, Mr Thomas was chosen one of its first ruling elders—an office, the duties of which he faithfully and conscientiously performed till within the last five or six years, when the infirmities of age rendered him physically, and even mentally unable to take the oversight of the flock of Christ.

Mr T. retained through life the strong feelings and rigid principles for which the original Huguenots were distinguished. The persecutions which he and his family had endured for conscience sake, could not be effaced from his mind; and hence in part arose his ardent love of liberty—his strong attachment to the principles of the Reformation, and his opposition to every thing peculiar to the Church of Rome. Twice he sacrificed all—once when a youth, for the religion of his fathers; and once when in manhood, with a family to support, for the liberty of his adopted country. But he still lived to a good old age, and his children, and his children's children to the fifth generation, arose to call him blessed. His descendants consist of between sixty and seventy—of whom three are his children, and four his great great grandchildren. Thus having served the will of God in his generation, he has at last gone to his rest, leaving a character free from reproach—a memorial of his fidelity in his family and in the church; and a testimony which in its influence will live, when his name shall no longer be remembered.—*Charleston Obs.*

Who were the Puritans? Enemies of learning did you say? You have heard of Lightfoot, second in scholarship to no other man, whose researches into all sorts of lore are even at this day the great store-house from which the most learned and renowned commentators, not of England and America only, but of Germany, derive no insignificant portion of their learning. Lightfoot was a Puritan. You may have heard of Theophilus Gale, whose works have never yet been surpassed for minute and laborious investigations into the sources of all the wisdom of the Gentiles. Gale was a Puritan. You may have heard of Owen, the fame of whose learning, not less than of his genius and his skill, filled all Europe, and constrained the most determined enemies of him, and of his party, to pay him the profoundest deference Owen was among divines, the very head and captain of the Puritans. You may have heard of Selden, the jurist, the universal scholar, whose learning was in his day, and even at this day, 'the glory of the English nation.' Selden was a Puritan. Strange that such men should have been identified with the enemies of learning.

The Puritans triumphed for a while. They beat down not only the prelacy, but the peerage and the throne. And what did they do with the universities? The universities were indeed revolutionized by commissioners from the Puritan Parliament; and all who were enemies to the Commonwealth of England, as then established, were turned out of the seats of instruction and government. But were the revenues of the universities confiscated? their halls given up to pillage? their libraries scattered and destroyed? Never were the universities of England better regulated—never did they better answer the legitimate ends of such institutions, than when they were under the control of the Puritans.

Who were the Puritans? Enemies did you say, of literature and refinement? What is the most resplendent name in the literature of England? Name that most illustrious of poets, who for magnificence of imagination, for grandeur of thought, for purity, beauty, and tenderness of sentiment, for harmony of numbers, for power and felicity of language, stands without a rival. Milton was a Puritan.

Who were the low-bred fanatics, the crop-eared rebels, the rabble of round-heads? Name that purest patriot whose name stands brightest and most honored in the history of English liberty, and whose example is even the star of guidance and of hope to all who resist usurped authority. Hampden was a Puritan,—associate with Pym in the eloquence that swayed the Parliament and 'fulmin'd' over England,—comrade in arms with Cromwell, and shedding his blood upon the battle field.

But their preachers were cobblers and tinkers! Were they indeed? Well, and what were Christ's apostles? One tinker I remember, among the preachers of that age, and of that great party—though not, in the most proper meaning of the word, a Puritan; and what name is more worthy of a place among the names of the elected fishermen of Galilee, than the name of Bunyan? That tinker, shut up in Bedford jail for the crime of preaching, saw there with the eye of faith and genius, visions only less divine than those which were revealed to his namesake in Patmos. His 'Pilgrim's Progress lives in all the languages of Christendom, among the most immortal of the works of human genius. Would that all preachers were gifted like that tinker Bunyan.

'You Christians are priests consecrated to God, and will you tumble yourselves and your precious garments in the mire?' It was a high speech of an heathen, 'that he was greater, and was born to greater things than to be a servant of his body.' How much more ought he to say so who is born again, born to a crown that fadeth not away?—*Leighton.*

MINISTERIAL SUCCESS NOT ALWAYS VISIBLE.

Mr Scott thus encourages a clergyman from his own ministerial experience, 'My prevalent opinion is, that you *are useful* but do not *see* the effect. Even at Ravenstone, I remember complaining in a New Year's sermon, that for a whole twelve month I had seen no proof of my preaching, yet it appeared within the course of the next twelvemonth, that not less than ten or twelve had been brought to 'consider their way' during that discouraging year; besides others, I trust, that I did not know of. The sick bed also, frequently brings to light much that had been effected unconsciously to us in the secret sanctuary of the heart; and much more doubtless remains 'for the day to declare,' which would have been disclosed as a matter of present discovery, but for a wise and tender regard to the susceptibility of our hearts to self-elevating temptations. *Ministerial success* may also be viewed as *extending beyond present appearances.*'

We may be successful, even though we should not live to see it. Of the prophets of old that saying was true: 'One soweth and another reapeth:' they sowed the seed and the apostles reaped the harvest. Thus our Lord reminded them—'Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.' And is it no ground of comfort, that our work may be the seed-time of a future harvest? Or should we neglect to sow, because we may not reap the harvest? We shall share the joy of the harvest, even though we be not immediate reapers of the field. John iv. 36, 38.—*Rev. C. Bridges.*

THE WHITE STONE AND THE NEW NAME.—The following is Archbishop Usher's illustration of Rev. ii. 17. By the 'white stone' and the 'new name' here promised by Jesus Christ, he means that he will give a secret token of his love to the soul, whereby it shall rest assured of the unspeakable love of God and freedom from condemnation. The Athenians had a custom, when malefactors were accused and arraigned, to have black and white stones by them; and so, according to the sentence pronounced, those who were condemned had a black stone, and those who were acquitted had a white stone, given to them. To their custom the Holy Ghost here alludes. This stone, this seal, shall assure those that receive it of absolute acquittance from condemnation; and so free them from the cause of fear. Again, Christ will give a 'new name;' that is, he will write the sentence of absolution in fair letters on the white stone, with a clear evidence. As if he should say, (when Christ hath seen a man overcoming, and how he hath conflicted with temptations, and yet holds out, pressing for the crown to the end of the race,) Christ will come in, and ease him of all his pains and sores, with such a sweet refreshing as is unspeakable.

MY BELOVED SON.—In this word lies all the comfort of a Christian. No pleasingness, no acceptance indeed out of him; but in him, all acceptance of all that are in him. Nothing delights the Father but in this view; all the world is as nothing in his eye, and all men hateful and abominable by sin. Thou with all thy good nature and good breeding, and good carriage, vile and detestable out of Christ. But if thou get under the robe of Jesus, thou and all thy guiltiness, and vileness, then art thou lovely in the Father's eye. Oh! that we could absolutely take up in him, whatsoever we are, yet shrouded under him. Constant, fixed, believing is all. Let not the Father then see us but in the Son, and all is well.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.—A person of a truly superior and philosophic mind would seldom wish to forego the estimable privileges of communing with himself.

Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: 'From the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasures of being alone to wishing for visiters, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining in company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in man's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and exaltation of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seemed to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still, if the question was eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell.'

God be praised for the many strippings I have met with. It is good for me that I have been supplanted, despised, censured, maligned, judged by and separated from my nearest and dearest friends. By this I have found the faithfulness of Him who is the best of friends.—*Whitefield.*

The conduct of Christ is a copy, a living map of the immense expanse of the divine perfections, reduced from its infinite dimensions and subdued to a scale, studiously adapted to the feeble vision of man. The character of God so infinitely reduced, is to be seen in the life of Christ. The excellencies of Christ, if infinitely magnified and restored to their original proportion, are to be found in the perfections of God. —*Harris.*

Henry Martyn, while a missionary in India in 1806, makes the following entry in his journal: 'And if I never should see a native converted to God, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries.' The Christian world well knows this prophecy has been amply fulfilled. What herald of the gospel to the heathen has not read the precious volume of that man's memoir, and who of them could have read it without the renewal of their love and zeal?

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

'By this shall men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another,' said the Savior a few hours before his death, and while his own heart was overflowing with inconceivable love and tenderness. The disciples, receiving these words as the legacy of their dying Master, kept them as their dearest treasure. 'How these Christians love one another!' said the wondering heathen. The apostle of love had his heart so filled with them, that, in the weakness of old age, he delighted to repeat them again and again by word and by letter, 'little children, love one another.'

The love which our Savior recommended to his immediate disciples, he recommended as much to us, and especially does he require it of those who from month to month make profession of their love and obedience to him. If a stranger could look into the hearts and homes of all professing Christians, would he find love to be their distinguishing badge? Would he exclaim, 'how these Christians love one another?' Would he not often hear words of bitterness and slander used by members of a church even towards members of the same church? Would he not often find a disposition to hunt out and hold up to ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of Christian brethren? Even on a communion Sabbath after partaking of the elements which remind them of the Savior's love, Christians use expressions concerning their fellow Christians, which betray feelings entirely inconsistent with the Christian spirit. Christian love tells us never to speak unkindly of any brother, never to ridicule any one's weaknesses or failings, never to mention faults except to the person who is guilty of them and to him that he may correct them. We shall in vain expect to have at the communion table sweet and soothing recollections of our Savior, while there are around us persons towards whom we have cherished unkind feelings, or against whom we have spoken harsh words. How can you love Jesus whom you have not seen, if you do not love your brother whom you have seen?

Christian love gives us directions in our feelings towards others, as well as towards those who sit at the same communion table with us. It teaches us never to feel contempt for any being, however he may err in opinion or in practice. Christians often seem to feel themselves at liberty to speak of infidelity with utter scorn and detestation. They appear to regard these unfortunate beings as despised equally by God and man. God is love, unchangeable, inexhaustible love. He is the Universal Father. He looks with love upon all his children. He never feels contempt. Even the infidel who denies his Father is still regarded by that Father as a son. In the midst of his impiety, he hears from Heaven the voice of warning, of rebuke, of entreaty and love; but never of contempt. Shall we then who are so unworthy children of the Father suffer ourselves to indulge feelings of contempt towards our more unfortunate brethren?

There is still another class of persons who are more generally thought worthy of detestation, they who have sunk themselves low in vice and bear outwardly the marks of their degradation. These persons are spurned and scorned as entirely debased and lost, and pure minded Christians do not hesitate to speak of them in terms of utter contempt. Is this right? They are, in all their degradation, still children of God, the creatures of his power, the objects of his love. Christian love brings to our recollection Jesus the friend of publicans and sinners, not spurning the sinful, degraded woman from his presence, but saying to her, 'Go, sin no more.' As Christians we are never permitted to feel or to express *contempt* for any one, however sunk he may be. But some one may say, 'if we do not feel and express abhorrence for sin, are we not encouraging sin?' There is a great difference between abhorrence of sin and contempt for the sinner. Jesus understood the desolating nature of sin, that it converts the soul from the garden of God into the desert of evil, and full of pity and love he came to save men from its influence. The Pharisee looked with contempt upon the sinner, and saying, 'stand by, for I am holier than thou,' turned away from the unhappy man without making one effort to save him. It is a wrong idea that we must treat sinners with contempt, in order to show our disapproval of sin. The virtuous parent does not drive the disobedient child from his presence, but in love shows the offender the pain he has inflicted and seeks to correct the fault. The life of a good man is the surest sign of disapproval of sin. If we are virtuous we need not turn from the sinner as if his presence polluted us, there is no danger that he will suppose us to approve his sins. H. H. J.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Will you permit me to call the attention of yourself and your readers to a recent publication entitled 'American Slavery as it is, the testimony of a thousand witnesses,' 8vo. 222 pages. It is the work to which Dr Channing alludes in a note to his letter to Jonathan Phillips, as about to be published, and we use his words when we say 'that all who believe in the mildness of American Slavery will do well to examine the publication.'

Its design is to meet the demand so often made of Abolitionists, 'Give us in the place of your own anonymous or doubtful authority, *authentic facts* in regard to slavery as an existing institution.' This is accordingly a book of facts, a majority of which rest upon the authority of *slaveholders*, whose names and residence are given to the public, their testimony being taken mainly from recent newspapers published in the slave states. The statements not derived from the papers and other periodicals, books, letters &c. published by slaveholders, have been furnished by individuals who have resided in slave states, many of whom are natives of those states, and have been slaveholders.

The examination is conducted by stating distinct propositions in the following order of topics. 1. The food of the slaves, the kinds, quantity, quality &c. 2. Their hours of labor and rest. 3. Their clothing. 4. Their dwellings, 5. Their privations and inflictions. 6. A variety of objections and arguments are considered, which are used to set aside the force of testimony and to show that the slaves are kindly treated, for instance 'such cruelties are incredible.' 'Slaveholders affirm that they treat their slaves well.' 'Slaveholders are proverbial for their kindness, generosity, hospitality and benevolence.' 'Northern visitors at the South testify that the slaves are not cruelly treated.' 'It is for the interest of the masters to treat their slaves well.' Public opinion is a protection to the slave &c.

A few extracts will give your readers some idea of the character of this work—and as a writer in the Christian Examiner which is read by your subscribers, has lately expressed 'his decided impression that the slaves are, *generally speaking*, well treated in regard to food, discipline, and attention to their outward comfort—that they are not overworked—have a sufficiency of wholesome food—that the punishments inflicted on them, or rather on the indolent and disorderly among them, are neither of frequent occurrence nor of extreme severity. We will make a selection with reference to these points. —1st, as respects the food furnished to slaves. Says Rev. John Rankin, page 28, a native of Tennessee and for some years a preacher in slave states, now the pastor of a church in Ripley, Ohio, 'Thousands of the slaves, are pressed with the gnawings of cruel hunger during their whole lives.' Rev. Horace A. Moulton of Mariboro' Mass., who lived five years in Georgia, remarks, p. 28, 'as a *general thing* on the plantations, the slaves suffer extremely for want of food.' The Report of the Gradual Emancipation Society of N. Carolina, 1826, says, that 'the master puts the unfortunate wretches upon such short allowances, that a great part of them go half starved much of the time.'

That *meat* is rarely given—but that the usual food is corn, the Hon. Robert Trumbull M. C. from S. C.—Rev. D. E. Eastman of Fayette County, Ohio, and William Ladd formerly of Florida, well known as the able peace lecturer —with others concur in stating.

As respects the *quantity* of food, Thomas Clay of Georgia in a public address, William Ladd, F. C. Marcy of Nantucket, and others testify, that one peck of corn is their weekly allowance, and this is proved to be insufficient by a reference to statistics showing the amount of food judged sufficient for soldiers, sailors, convicts &c. from which the general conclusion is deduced, that the average daily ration through the world exceeds not only the legal but the *usual* slave allowance at least *one pound a day*. In regard to the *quality* of food, the testimony of Thomas Clay of Georgia, Prof. A. S. Smith of the N. Y. Medical College, and of the Editor of the Western Medical Reformer, is given to show that the slaves live on a coarse, crude, *unwholesome* diet.

A similar weight of testimony, pages 35—41 is adduced to show that they are overworked inasmuch as 'they are obliged to work from day light till dark' ordinarily—that 'during the two or three months, at the rolling of the sugars, they work both night and day,'—that during the cotton picking season the same is the case, and that of *those slaves who are carried to the cotton and sugar plantations from Virginia, the average life is according to some seven years, and according to others, five years.**

One more class of proofs and we are done. It may seem incredible that the slaves besides being 'cruelly flogged on the most frivolous pretences' should be subjected to such cruelties as these, being branded with hot irons, hunted with dogs and torn by them, shockingly maimed and mutilated, &c. and we confess that we have ourselves been incredulous on these points. A most novel, yet most convincing mode of proof is employed to substantiate such statements—viz. by copying slaveholders' graphic description of them, in *advertisements* published under their own names, and in *newspapers* published in their own states. One hundred and nineteen advertisements from Southern papers, mostly within a space of one year, are accordingly quoted, of a tenor like this—the name of the advertiser and the runaway both being given—'ranaway Mary, with a scar on her back caused by a rifle ball.' Ranaway George, a sword cut lately received on his arm.' 'Brought to jail John, left ear cropt.' 'Ranaway Isham, has a scar upon the breast from the bite of a dog.' Ranaway a negro woman—a few days before, I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of the face' &c.

Now if these were but a few instances of isolated cruelty, they would not prove the cruelty of the slave system, but when we consider that they are only five out of more than a hundred others *published*, and that too within one year mostly—in the comparatively few papers collected by one individual, it is difficult to believe that punishments are neither of frequent occurrence nor of extreme severity.

In view of these and of other statements, contained in this work—we trust it will no longer be said, that abolitionists can not bring forward any evidence to prove their assertions in regard to the cruelties and enormities which are perpetrated under the slave system. Certainly not, at least, till some attempt has been made to disprove this testimony. If there are any who (apart from other reasons which they may have for disliking the principles or measures of the abolitionists,) are disposed to think that they have been in these respects guilty of even unconscious error or exaggeration; we would commend 'American Slavery as it is,' to their notice. P.

*This statement rests upon the authority of Dr Deming of Ashland, Ohio, Mr Samuel Blackwell late of Jersey City, and Rev. J. O. Chowles, recently of New Bedford, now of Buffalo. The planters, says Dr Deming, can *afford* to sacrifice a set of hands once in seven years.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MR HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

St. Louis, May 13th, 1839.

During my short stay here, I have had but little opportunity to look about, as there were violent showers on Friday night and Saturday, as well as yesterday; accompanied by heavy thunder. Being suddenly overtaken by one of these on Saturday noon, while passing along the street next the river, I was glad to take shelter for more than half an hour in a shop, where I saw rocks three or four times as large as a man's head brought down the street-gutter by the torrent of water that rushed along. I have often heard it remarked that there is more lightning discharged during showers, at the west, than at the east; in other words, that there are more thunder-storms here than there. My own observation, however, would not lead me to this conclusion.

The original French settlers discovered their correct judgment by locating a metropolis here. Besides its commanding site, in relation to the Missouri, the Illinois, the Ohio, the upper and the lower Mississippi, St. Louis possesses great advantages in respect of elevation, and facilities for every kind of structure, whether of wood, brick, or stone. Immense quantities of lime-rock, very well adapted to purposes of building, are quarried out of the very bluff; just where merchants want it, in order to build their ware houses; the whole expense of which is more than covered by the sale of the superfluous rock, dug out from under the foundations. The city is in general well-built, the houses being substantial and commodious, though there are not many elegant edifices, whether public or private. The Court-house and the Unitarian church are very neat buildings. Many admire the new Episcopal (Christ) church. It is large; and built in the Gothic style; and has cost a good deal of money. For my own part, I am better pleased with its interior, than its exterior.

The is now building a brick Hotel in a very eligible part of the city, between the Unitarian church and the Court-house, which, if completed upon the present plan, will be one of the largest houses of the kind, if not the very largest, in the United States.

Having a week of leisure before me, I know not how I can spend it more agreeably than in travelling through the fine portion of Illinois situated east of here. I shall therefore cross the river, immediately after breakfast, and take the road leading over to American Bottom, to Belleville, fourteen miles distant.

Lebanon, 2 P. M. A ride of twenty-five miles has brought me to this village, by the way of Belleville, where I spent an hour. This last is the seat of justice in St. Clair County, a large proportion of whose inhabitants are within a few years from Europe; of German stock. You will find amongst them men of the highest intelligence, of every profession, trade and calling. My knowledge of this place and its inhabitants was by no means derived from this day's visit alone; I used to come to Belleville and spend a Sunday, occasionally, through the whole of the last summer and fall. The religion of the people, here, is however, I *hope*, in their hearts and lives; for there is but little display of it in churches, meetings, or ordinances,—there being but one, and that a Methodist meeting-house in town; and that too, with a population of about one thousand. I was in hopes that some of my friends here would have proposed that I should procure for them this season a supply of Unitarian preaching—but, was disappointed! I passed a number of French farm-houses between the St. Louis ferry and B.; the land being generally of the finest quality. So much rain has fallen within a day or two past, that I should have met with a great deal of water in the road, had I not been travelling all the way thus far, upon a high and well-wrought turnpike; this being the great mail-route to Vincennes and Louisville. I regret that I shall have to leave this fine road about two miles from this place, in order to shape my course northeastward. Whilst my horse is refreshing himself I will just say of Lebanon, that there is a college or school, styled McKendree college, located within a mile of the village, which is under the particular direction and patronage of the Illinois Methodist Conference—said to be in a flourishing condition.

Before dinner, I went to see two dwelling-houses, built of earth. The material employed is not vegetable mould, nor yet pure clay; but a soil intermediate in situation between these two. It requires no preparation; but is simply dug up, and being thrown between two pieces of plank fastened together like the sides of a box, about a foot and a half asunder, is there moderately beaten into a compact mass with pestles, or short rammers. This mass accumulates by throwing in more earth, till the box is filled, which is then moved on; and thus is gradually formed the wall of the house. As the wall rises, the ends of the joists are inserted, at the proper height, and the due distances from each other. Each of these houses has, besides, one or more partition-walls made in the same way. One of them is built in the cottage style; the other is two-stories high. The walls of the former are reared from wooden sills, which rest upon blocks; those of the other have, I think, the usual foundation of stone laid in mortar. Unless artificial means are employed, the walls do not become thoroughly dry within a twelvemonth; but where stoves are used, the house may be inhabited immediately, with perfect safety. The expense of such a house is estimated at two thirds that of a brick house. In the course of a year, the walls become so hard, that it is with difficulty a nail can be driven into them. The surface both within and without admits of being overlaid with any finishing that the owner prefers, whether of lime, or plaister of Paris; and when rough-cast, or plaistered, would probably answer as good a purpose as brick. In fact, it appeared to me, from the test of a nail and hammer, nearly or quite as hard, as the bricks that we commonly meet with.

I have been thus minute, believing that in Illinois, where timber is in many places difficult to be obtained, this kind of structure may prove of great value, and become a favorite of those among your eastern people, who may become citizens of the Prairie State.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUFFOLK SRTEET SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. Editor,—The children and teachers of the Suffolk Street Sunday School celebrated their second Anniversary, last Tuesday afternoon, by an excursion to the elegant mansion house and grounds of Mrs. Sargent of Dorchester.

A kind Providence favored us with delightful weather, which was a fit image of the overflowing joy of the children. Their little faces were written all over with delight, and their young hearts were full almost to bursting.

We were soon gathered under the white folds of a spacious tent and seated Turk-fashion on the soft grass.

Our pastor Rev. Mr. Sargent, then opened the services with prayer. Prior to this, however, he made some appropriate remarks in his usual happy manner. He made a most touching allusion to his departed father, whose tomb was near by; and in a strain of filial affection truly eloquent (for it was the eloquence of a full heart) spoke of his many virtues.

It was indeed a beautiful and most affecting sight, to witness this token of filal love; and I can but look upon it as the most impressive lesson of the day.

After these remarks, an original hymn, was sung with excellent effect. Mr. Dall (of the Divinity School, Cambridge) one of the Superintendents, then addressed the school in a very spirited manner, and introduced to our notice Mr. Castarnis (a Greek) who followed him with some thrilling incidents from his personal history. Mr. L. G. Pray then spoke to the children for a few moments. It is needless to say he touched their hearts with his simple elequence, and made a deep impression upon all who heard him.

After he had concluded, we adjourned to the House, and partook of a sumptuous entertainment provided by our kind hostess. This over, we were favored by Rev. Mr. Gray, and Mr. W. A. Weeks, with some exceedingly interesting remarks. The meeting was then dismissed by singing a hymn written for the occasion. We trust that a good influence was experienced by *all* who were present—and we know that the day will long have a choice place in the memory of the children.

In conclusion, I would commend this School, and especially the Church with which it is connected, to public favor.

A *new* chapel is now in progress at the South End. It is impossible to say how much good it is calculated to accomplish. Its devoted Pastor (Rev. Mr. Sargent) has been working two years with untiring zeal, and has already tasted the fruits of his labors. 'The poor have the gospel preached to them,' and the poor man's blessing is upon the preacher.

I understand that funds have been raised nearly sufficient for the finishing of the chapel, and that it will be completed next fall. One thing, however, is wanted. They need an *Organ*. The importance of one is obvious. Will there not be rivalry among our liberal men and women who shall have the honor of presenting one? C. H. J.

Ashby, July 16, 1839.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Dear Sir,—If you deem the following communication worthy a place in your paper, please to insert it and oblige the friends of the Sabbath Schools in this town, and

Yours sincerely, R. B.

With much pleasure I have read several accounts of Sabbath School celebrations on 'the fourth of July,' and have felt particularly interested in those in which schools of different denominations have united. Having witnessed the effects of animosity and bitterness, the prevalence of a spirit greatly opposed to that of Christ and his religion, between societies of a different faith, I am always pleased with any indication of better feeling, harmony and love.

It appears to me that if we can bring together the children and younger members of different religious societies and have them unite on occasions interesting to all, a good influence may be exerted, and much may be done towards producing a more desirable state of feeling. I have known similar effects to arise from union singing schools.

I believe also that a most beneficial tendency will follow union Sabbath school celebrations. Children are brought together, participate in a joyous jubilee, become better acquainted, and thus in early life their thoughts become linked in associations and they form attachments that are not likely to be unfavorably affected by any differences in religious opinions.

Can the anniversary of our 'national independence' be more pleasantly and profitably observed than in the way of which we now speak? There may be some objections: abuses and evils may arise, as they do from every institution that is in itself good: but the advantages outweigh them.

Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in hearing how the day passed at Ashby. They may be assured that we had a good time and do not look upon it as unprofitably spent. At one o'clock the children, with their teachers, of the two Sabbath schools, assembled in the Orthodox Church and walked in procession to the Unitarian Church. Here a large audience listened with much attention to appropriate religious services. An impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Mr Lincoln of Fitchburg. An address was delivered by Rev. Mr Tracy, Pastor of the Baptist Society in Townsend, on the importance of a right education to sustain our liberties, replete with good sense and practical instruction. Mr Lincoln then addressed the teachers. He spoke of the necessity of having decidedly religious teachers—of their exemplifying their instructions in their lives—of taking the Scriptures for their guide and of inculcating those lessons of duty and virtue which are presented in the life of Jesus. He concluded with exhorting them to go on in the noblest of works with the hope of an imperishable reward. The choir sustained their part well. Among other select pieces that of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' was sung.

From the meeting house a procession of nearly six hundred walked to a grove, the distance of half a mile. It was a delightful spot. Here tables were spread in much simplicity and taste with all that could please the eye of children. After they had liberally partaken of cake, tarts, fruits, lemonade and pure water, Rev. Mr Bascom of Fitzwilliam, formerly Pastor of one of the Schools, addressed the children in an affectionate and feeling manner. He spoke of the pleasure he felt in being present —said he saw what he never expected to see—said it was a delightful sight, exhorted them to value their privileges, to become wise and good and prepare for a happy home in heaven. 'Independant Day,' was then sung by the choir, and all left the place that always will be connected with some of the happiest associations of their lives.

Thus we passed a pleasant season. Nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony and good order of the meeting. All seemed cheerful. The infant classes excited much interest. The day was calm and serene. Though the morning predicted a shower, providence smiled upon us and favored us only with a refreshing breeze. God grant us many more such happy meetings.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I have read more than once and with great satisfaction a small volume 'on the Formation of the Christian Character,' by Dr. Ware Jr. All his productions are interesting and instructive. They manifest an excellent spirit. He drinks deep into the spirit of the Gospel and into that of the spiritual world. His writings seem imbued with an holy unction. I have just perused the little volume mentioned, and am much pleased with the plan of it, and with the author's remarks and illustrations. I hope editions of it will be multiplied, and the book spread through the country. For I am persuaded it well deserves an enduring patronage, and will still rise in public estimation. The subjects treated are happily arranged and managed in a manner well adapted to inspire salutary excitement, and impart instruction to the great community, and on subjects of infinite moment. The several *chapters*, and the various *means* pointed out and urged, for forming the Christian character, conspire to promote 'the discipline of life,' and prepare the soul for the society and joys of saints in light. And I do wish clergymen and others would take the advice and follow the example of an aged minister of the gospel, and read that little book again, that they may more readily contribute to its more extensive circulation and usefulness.

SENEX.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF BULWER'S WRITINGS.

July 11th, 1839. Lady Bulwer's late uncermonious attack upon the principles and the conduct of her husband, seems to have roused the spirit of the press, who with one accord vindicate the claims of the oppressed party; —and without entering into the merits and demerits of this particular case, may I not say a few words concerning the moral influence of Bulwer's writings? The influence of every private individual is more or less extended, in proportion as he possesses the requisite intellectual energy. Endowed with talents of no common order, a ready pen, and an extraordinary command of language, the author of whom I speak has succeeded in making his way to the public heart, and established himself so firmly in public favor, that nothing but the efforts which are daily making to prove that he has devoted his talents to a *noble* purpose, and that his works tend to elevate the mind, and educate the heart, could have tempted me to oppose my private opinion, to popular prejudice. It seems to me, that Bulwer's prose, is like Byron's poetry, often a most delightful, but most dangerous cordial to the aching heart, and prostrated energies—but, we weep over the grave of the English Bard, grieving that the noblest of God's gifts was so degraded, was employed rather to stimulate the passions, and to excite every ungrateful and rebellious emotion of the heart, than to ennoble the intellect and satisfy the cravings of the spirit; and shall we turn from the living author, without one word of warning or of condemnation? Of Bulwer's style, I shall say nothing, for I have yielded like many others, to its fascinating power, but is there any modern writer, who has *dared* so much as he? Sentiment in woman, intellect in man, are his excuses for the most disgusting crimes—for the most revolting sensuality—and these are so shrouded by the fine language, and high flown description, that the startled reader, forgets too often that hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. Let us glance at his pages,—the unfaithful wife, the degraded girl, the victim of excitement and the wine-cup, the murderer, the avenger, and the seducer, find there an excuse—*sometimes* a panegyric; and the subject is more worthy of the consideration of the Christian philanthropist, than at the first glance becomes apparent. Bulwer's novels constitute that portion of his works, most greedily received, most extraordinarily praised, and we think that even his most fervent admirers will find in these indications of an alarming laxity in principle and practice, which whatever may be the case in the old world, are calculated to subvert the foundations, and destroy all that is to be reverenced and loved in the conventions, of society in the new. And who bend entranced over these magic narratives? who weep over the well deserved sufferings of an Alice Darvil, who smile upon the graceful errors of the intellectual Maltravers, pity the fate of Aram, or shudder for the twentieth time over the pages of Falkland? The men of long tried years, in whose hearts, experience has hardened many a tender chord; thoroughly educated women, whose well balanced minds, and calm judgments prevent them from yielding too implicitly to the impulse given by another's spirit—men of science and literature, who are capable of appreciating the beauties and rejecting the deformities of sentiment, by which Bulwer's writings are characterized? Oh no! it is not these! it is the school-girl whose satchel drops unheeded to the floor, and whose flushed cheek gives evidence of her blood's rapid flow—it is the young collegian, whose shaded lamp, burns with a dim and flickering light, as he steals a few hours from sleep, and draws the much prized volume from its secluded hiding place. It is the young maiden, whose eyes are just opening to the world about her, whose character is yet unformed, and whose principles, having been hastily adopted, will be as readily cast aside.—It is the young man who is just beginning to struggle with temptation, presenting itself under many a varied form, and whose 'green' reluctance is soon to yield to his fear of ridicule, and his early hankering after forbidden fruit. And let me ask a simple question, who of the great mass of admiring readers, but would shrink trembling from the bare facts, which form the basis of Falkland or Eugene Aram, deprived of the tissue of sickly sentiment, exaggerated pathos, and flowing oratory, which veils the unsightliness of the whole—strip them of all this, and what woman would dare to say, she had read and reading has approved? What let me ask is sentiment, if principle be wanting to bind together its component parts, and nerve the whole for action? what if woman read love in the flowers, poetry in the stars, beauty in the rippling river, or devotion in the face of her beloved one, if she read not truth, and singleness and *strength* in her own heart? What is the intellect of a Canning or a Brougham, if the private practice give the lie to the public preaching, what the gifted mind of a Voltaire, if neither the enduring agency of morality nor religion be called to its aid? Let the past, the present, and the future answer,—the annals of time will bear testimony to eternity. Howard will be remembered when the French casuist is forgotten, and the principles inculcated by the misdirected pen of a truly great genius, will be working mischief, when that pen has mouldered, that genius is despised, and the world is striving to grow wiser. Bulwer has well criticized himself. 'There is no *iron* in him!' It is this shrouding of vice, with the fanciful and attractive drapery of virtue, this bedecking of the most loathsome deformity with the alluring charms of beauty, reminding one of the false syren, whom the Italian poet has sung, whose rosy lips were dewed with honied words, but whose snowy garment, fell to the ground before the stern eye of justice and displayed a breast distilling the juices of corruption and death,—that I complain of.

'Thus the sick infant's taste disguised to meet,
'We tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet,
'The bitter draught his willing lip receives;
'He drinks deceived, and so deceived he lives!'

Yes! do away with this parade, this ostentation of virtue, where none exists, with these 'heart corroding cares,' these 'smothering sighs,' and 'bitter reflections,' these 'compunctious visitings,' and 'affected loathings,' and half the fascination of Bulwer's novels is gone—I will not say that what remains would exert no influence in the scale of virtue, but I fear it would be very little. How different in this respect were the productions of Richardson and Smollet! If there is vulgarity, if there is indelicacy to be found in them; it is in plain sight, not hid behind an embroidered veil, and the author tells us where and what it is, and bids us abhor it as much as he does; he holds it up in its naked deformity to our view. If there is vice, he presents it in all the loathsome detail, and vivid coloring of nature, it does not flit before us like a will o'wisp, or a chameleon changing its aspect as often as its language, and as much like virtue as itself. Oh no! it is something which we are to condemn, and we *do* condemn it, heart and soul! there is no longing to admire, no tear dropt on the page! Whether the perusal of 'Tom Jones' or 'Ernest Maltravers,' be best calculated to vitiate the taste, irritate the passions, and debase the mental faculties, I leave it to the reader's own experience to decide; yet there are many mothers who allow their children to pore over the latter, who would be frightened at the very idea of their opening the pages of the former, and there is many a young girl who would blush at the mere mention of a Blifil or Gil Blas, who is not ashamed to acknowledge her intimate acquaintance with this modern novelist! The lists are still open—reader—and truth must conquer. C. W. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 27, 1839.

UNITARIANISM VINDICATED AGAINST THE CHARGE OF SCEPTICAL TENDENCIES. By James Walker.

(*Continued.*)

When a man believes, or tries to believe what is unreasonable and incomprehensible, he must experience many misgivings, many seasons of weakness, darkness, and despondency. The stars will withdraw their light, the sun be cast from heaven. The foundations will seem to give way beneath him; the world of his ideas, to reel and quake; the universe to array itself against him. It has been so. The fathers and defenders of Calvinism have confessed themselves subject to such experiences—such visitations. They ascribed them to malignant influences—the wiles of Satan—the machinations of the devil. They were in fact, only the revolt of their nature, reason, conscience, benevolence, against the unreasonableness, injustice, cruelty of their system. We have no doubt, if the biography of every sincere Calvinist, were honestly written, it would abound in similar, sad, pitiful disclosures. Such are the dreadful consequences of violating that intellectual and moral constitution God has given us, of warring against its higher and better tendences and impulses, of laying a cold, rude illiberal hand on his image. It may be, there are many sceptics among us. But whence came they? where the source of their doubts? We answer—they came from the ranks of orthodoxy—they derived their scepticism from the black fountains of Calvinism; under its shadow they were tainted. They have brought the leaven with them. Their hearts were first hardened, under the assaults of its stern absurdities, bigotry and dogmatism. Their faith in every thing religious and divine, was thus shaken. A large portion, of the whole amount of scepticism among us, whatever it may be, had its birth and growth in other relations. We have no fear the generation now approaching maturity under Unitarian influence and teaching, will be infected with it. We are confident it is extremely seldom, those so educated depart from the faith or waver in allegiance to it. If we were to look for an utter extinction of all true faith, we should go to those somewhat isolated places, where nothing but rank Calvinism, has been preached for a century. The religious element of our nature will there appear utterly dead. There may be lingering, some zeal and occasional excitement. But it is only the flickering and flashing of the expiring torch. It is only the spasms of death. The faith that works by love, purifies, ennobles, controls and enlarges the heart, is not there. Not a vestige of it. The village, where rise in imagination and memory, the bright places of our boyhood, is much in this condition. We have lately been there. The living stream has dried up, its channel is empty, its banks seared. Not the sighing of one celestial breeze could we catch. Not the glimpse of a single angel, breathing odors as it passed, could we gain. The heavens were shut. They distilled no dew on the place beneath. But it may be said Calvinists in times past have abounded in abiding and pervading faith. It was when the system was not so greatly in discordance with the prevailing spirit and intelligence. Here is the point we are coming to. This time has passed. Calvinism is now in discordance with the temper, liberality, intelligence of the age. Hence, the extent to which scepticism prevails. While men's religious ideas and sentiments are in harmony with their feelings and ideas, in regard to other subjects, they never doubt. They will suffer the loss of all things, in defence of their faith. They will fall in battle rejoicing, by thousands, to preserve its altars and temples from desecration. But no sooner does religion sink beneath the level of the general mind and character, than scepticism begins to spread. The tide of feeling, that flowed strongly towards God, and the things of God, subsides—returns to its fountains in the human breast or seeks out other channels through which to pour its fulness. Indifference and coldness succeed —then open opposition, then contempt, then scorn.

During the last half century, knowledge, intelligence, liberality and science, have made rapid progress. But in the midst of this onward movement, a continued and powerful effort has been and is making, to keep religion in her old moorings, to break her wings, to repress ev-

ery higher, freer impulse of her mighty spirit, to keep her still, impassive, immutable, while activity, energy, freedom, movement, were in all other matters. Hence we repeat the prevailing scepticism, the incubus that sits so heavy on the bosom of the Christian world. Things cannot remain so. Christianity will vindicate her right; will exert her divine power, will manifest her glory. You might as easily chain the waves, or stay the wheels of the universe. The right hand of the Almighty is with her. And she will triumph over her open foes and the multitudes of her false friends. She will arise and ascend to her rightful place. She will again shine as the sun of the intellectual world. All other subjects will rejoice in her higher light, and revolve about her as humble satelites. Till then, till Christianity is freed from every vestage of scholastic philosophy and theology, men will go to the deserts; the secret chambers, to ancient lore and modern presumption, to gain satisfaction for their religious cravings. Few, in profound sincerity, with the full assent and sympathy of their whole nature, will be seen at the feet of Jesus, or leaning on his bosom. And those there, will appear to enjoy little repose, deep peace. They will frequently start, tremble, convulse. Like Peter and John on the mount, they will propose the building of tents, but so confused they hardly know what they do and say. The intellect, thirsts for harmony, unity, tranquillity. It will have it, even if it draws it forth from the ocean of annihilation and the darkness of eternal death. Men will not be men in all other matters and babes in religion. They will not search every other principle to its basis and take this on authority. They will not seek for definite, vivid, liberal conceptions as to all other subjects and be content here with vague speculations and traditions. Christianity must and will be brought into accordance with the searching intelligence, the depth and definiteness of thought that distinguish our times. This is the glorious work, we feel called to perform. A higher one has not been assigned to men since the death of Paul. It is not the least inferior to that done by Luther and his associates. Our minds thrill as we contemplate its beneficence and grandeur. To be here of the least service, is distinction enough for any man. If we are firm and faithful, the coming generations will thank, bless, revere us. We shall be looked back upon with the gratitude due to those, who revived the failing life and unbound the fettered power of God's holiest and richest gift to man. The graves of several are already among us, which will yet be visited by revering multitudes. Fair hands will scatter flowers over them. Pure minds, will feel by them more pure and elevated. Innocent childhood, sparkling with the dews of heaven, will be led there to receive a diviner baptism, and taught to tread there as on holier ground. Let it then be our constant endeavor to raise and purify our thoughts, purposes and affections that we may be found worthy of the exalted work to which providence—God has called us.

SLAVERY.

We have inserted in our paper of to-day a communication from a respected source in relation to an exposition of the evils and cruelties of slavery. We have not examined the work. There is every reason to rely on its truth. But what need is there of evidence and testimony on this subject? Who can doubt, that has the least knowledge of the frailties and passions of our nature, that evils and cruelties occur under the system? It would hardly do to trust the angels with almost unlimited, irresponsible power over a portion of their fellows. It is trial too severe and great for humanity. Those who pass through it with hands unstained and hearts unhardened, are among the purest and noblest of their race. There is no better test of a man's virtue than his conduct towards his inferiors and dependants. He who is perfectly fair, just, honorable towards them, is truly a good man. But very few do pass through the trials of slavery or any other, entirely faultless and victorious. It is undoubtedly very easy to find many cases of gross injustice and cruelty in a population of several millions. But does this fact disprove the statement in the Examiner, that generally the slaves are well treated? What can not be proved by such a laborious accumulation of instances? We can in this way, prove that Christianity is the worst institution on earth, civilization the greatest curse, the French a nation of cowards, and ourselves as *nice* people, and as benevolent, as we are the most filthy and sordid community in existence.

There are spots on the sun. And were it not for ocular demonstration, it would be easy to make us think it a most dirty and dark mass of deformity. We have ourselves resided some months at the South. Our impression is the same as that stated by the writer in the Examiner.

The slaves generally, in the places where we stopped, appeared to be well fed, clothed and kindly treated. We took a pretty extensive survey. We travelled slowly through three slave states. We heard of some cases of cruelty. We have no doubt we might have collected many more, and written a very frightful book. It might have contained nothing but the truth and still have been most false, and deceived multitudes. Do *we* need to be informed of what travellers and gleaners can do? Have we forgotten Mrs Trollope? But Mrs Trollope stated little but facts. We trust we are not wanting in a just abhorrence of slavery. But we are persuaded unfairness and injustice can promote no good cause. We must learn to treat our southern brethren with candor and charity before we can benefit them or their slaves. People appear to have lost their confidence in truth, honesty and conscience. Passion must be aroused before any thing can be done. Tumultuous excitement and sympathy must be awakened. Right, reason, judgment and the love of God are looked upon as powerless. But it will not do. The kingdom cannot be taken by violence. Our weapons must be spiritual, or spiritual wickedness will only thrive under our assaults.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

We regret to state that unless the subscription is considerably enlarged, the publishers will be obliged to give it up. To effect this, and to make it more accessible to all, children as well as teachers, they have reduced the price to fifty cents. It becomes those most interested in our Sunday schools, to bestir themselves in this matter. Some cheap periodical of the kind is needed. Would it be well and wise to suffer this to cease for want of support? could we soon expect another and a better? The following are the remarks of the editors.

'The success that attended our periodical last year induces us to continue the publication. We have reduced the price in order to bring the work into more general circulation. Will our friends have the kindness to assist us in this respect?

We hope to render the numbers of service to Sunday School Teachers, Parents, Children, and all interested in the moral and religious culture of the young.

We have hitherto kept aloof from sectarianism and partizanship. We shall sacredly aim to pursue the same course hereafter. The education of the *heart*—which is the Sunday School Teacher's first object—does not depend upon this or that set of *intellectual* opinions. Reverence to God, and love to man may be, and have been, produced under the most diverse systems. We know of no sect that has not within its reach the elements of these feelings and the means for their development. Whoever labors to secure obedience to the two great commandments of our religion,—be his church, or his creed, what it may,—we would regard as a fellow workman and a brother. We shall hold it a privilege to avail ourselves of his assistance. We shall cheerfully extend him the right hand of fellowship. He shall have our sympathy, our best wishes, and our prayers.

We would once more commend our Journal to its friends—and assure them that all assistance, whether of subscriptions for its support or of contributions for its pages, will be most gratefully received.

THE MEETING OF THE GRADUATES OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

We were not among those who thought this association could be of much interest or importance. We supposed there were societies enough already, and that it was not well nor wise to pamper farther the prevailing appetite for them. But our impressions are considerably changed. It may be of much interest and do some good. And if it effects nothing more, it has already done enough to reward the effort of its most ardent promoters. There has been no event of late from which we have anticipated so much profit and gratification as from the discourse on this occasion. We recollected with pleasure and gratitude the clearness, the force, the piercing intelligence with which Mr. Norton touched, deepened and enlightened our religious sentiments, perceptions and convictions during the short time we were permitted the benefit of his instructions. We were not disappointed. Our anticipation was fulfilled. While listening, we again felt the power of the same fervid, precise, comprehensive, profound mind. It is really refreshing in the midst of those flitting phantoms, shadows and clouds which are lowering on the regions of theology, to hear a certain, decided, penetrating, calmly confident voice. We then if not before know the difference between reality and pretension, truth and fancy, conscious ability and spasmodic feebleness, the words of a true prophet and the mutterings of bewildered insanity, the fountain of living waters and the bubbling springs of vanity. None could have been unimpressed by the lecturer's intense and solemn tone of thought, simple earnestness and deep conviction. He ever moves in light. Mists disperse as he advances. Idols and false divinities appear in their naked deformity. Their deluded worshipers stand abashed and rebuked. No account from memory can do any justice to this discourse. We cannot doubt it will be published, Truth so needful ought not to be withheld from the public. It would carry peace to many troubled minds.

DIVINITY SCHOOL.

The annual visitation of the Divinity School, Cambridge, took place on Friday of last week. The day was propitious, and the audience more numerous, we thought, than usual. Dean Palfrey conducted the devotional exercises, and President Quincy acted as the head of the Institution.

The parts assigned on this occasion were seven in number, but the delivery of one was omitted on account of indisposition. The others exhibited in their preparation and composition much reflection, research, sound principles, and a good share of independence and Christian spirit. It would be invidious where all were so equal and creditable in their character to select any one for particular commendation. In the Essay 'on the intimations of a future life in the Old Testament', the affirmative was assumed, and we noticed some proofs, especially those from the meaning of the word *sheol*, which appeared to us new, and worthy of much consideration. A true Catholic and evangelical spirit was manifested, in the part on 'Itinerant Preaching, maintaining its necessity and advantage under certain circumstances of the Church; while 'Independence in the ministry' by another was presented and enforced in an interesting manner. The part on 'The evidence of a First Cause offered by the mental phenomena,' exhibited great manliness of thought, with no little power of reasoning, assuming with Lord Brougham that the evidences from mental phenomena were more strong and satisfactory than those from the works of nature. The style of delivery, and the general train of thought and feeling, in the essay, 'on the spirit and topics of the discourse of Jesus recorded in the 14th chap. of John's Gospel' were such as to command general attention and to give satisfaction. That on 'Action, as constituting the effective power of the ministry' indicated the practised writer, and the ready and judicious thinker. The music by the Students of the school, which was agreeably interspersed with the other exercises of the day, was very effective and apropriate. We add an original hymn which was sung at the close of the exercises.

Great source of Good! our God and Friend!
Fountain of life and light divine!
Here thy adoring children bend!
And pray to be forever thine.

Wisdom to us and virtue give,
And by thy spirit, lead us still;
With thee to walk, for thee to live,
To spread thy word, and do thy will.

Give strength without, and grace within;
Instruct each mind, inspire each heart,
That moved by faith lost souls to win,
Celestial truth we may impart.

Thus send us forth in power, O God!
Apostles of the Prince of Peace,
To spread the light of heaven abroad,
Bid knowledge rise, and faith increase.

And when our mission here is o'er,
O, take us to thyself in love,
To know thee better, serve thee more,
And dwell with Christ, in worlds above.

In the after part of the day, an Address was delivered before the Alumni of the School by Andrews Norton, formerly Professor in the institution. This address was delivered in the Church, and engaged the undivided attention of a large and intellectual auditory for upwards of an hour. Its object was a Defence of Christianity against the peculiar scepticism of the day. He presented the argument for the divine authority of the scriptures in connexion with the miracles, with a power of reasoning, a depth of learning, and a felicity of expression and illustration seldom excelled. It should issue from the press, and be widely distributed.

Professor Walker of Charlestown acted as President of the association; and the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro.—*Communicated.*

A SERVICE BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

To which is added a collection of Hymns, compiled for the use of the Boylston Chapel Sunday School, Charlestown.

We should judge it well adapted to answer the design of its compilation. The prayers are various, simple and tender. The exhortations are impressive—the service selected with taste and judgment, and the hymns appropriate. Liturgies appear to be coming into favor. Their general introduction into Sunday Schools may prepare the rising generation to desire and demand their use in public worship. And this is a consummation which many of the pious and wise among us, would gladly, we suppose, live to behold. Those who have this feeling would do well, we think, to take the one now mentioned into consideration.

We inform our readers, that our lady correspondent C., which we are always pleased to see at the close of an article, will add hereafter, W. H. This she does to prevent her name being *confounded* with another C. who occasionally *favors* us. But we assure her this is a catastrophe she need not *fear*. He is a very worthy young gentleman and has a mind we think, capable of appreciating all kinds of excellence.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

From the Rev. Mr Lincoln, of Fitchburg for Tracts	$16
From the Plymouth Auxilliary Society, for Tracts and for general objects of the Association	142
From the Worcester Auxilliary Society	55
From the Concord Auxilliary Society	67
From a Friend at Newport R. I. to constitute the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, of Newport, Rev. Henry W. Bellows, of New York, and Rev. George N. Simmons, of Mobile, Life Members of the American Unitarian Association	90
From a Lady in South Hadley	4
From the North Society Association, in the Rev. Dr Brazer's Society, Salem, for the distribution of Religious Books and Tracts in the Western States	27
From the Auxilliary Society in the New North Church, Boston	76
From Wayland Auxilliary Society	20
From Peterborough Auxilliary Society	25

Sandwich.—The first Congregational Society in Sandwich have invited the Rev. Eliphalet P. Crafts to take the pastoral charge of said society, and he has accepted the invitation.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Navy Yard.—There are four vessels now lying at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, nearly ready for sea, viz: the United States, Columbus, Concord, and Marion. The United States is a frigate of the 1st class, and rated 44 guns. She is entirely fitted for service, and lies at the lower end of the Yard. The Columbus is still employed as a receiving vessel, and has a large number of recruits attached to her and a school on board for boys apprenticed to the Navy, containing about 40 pupils. These apprentices receive a good English education, and are instructed in Seamen's duty. The plan of Navy Schools has been in operation about one year. It is expected that this vessel will be hauled out into the stream, at the foot of Long wharf, in a short time. Capt George W. Storer is the commander. The Concord is a sloop-of-war, of the 2d class, and rates 18 guns. She is now ready for sea, and is only waiting for officers and men. The Marion is a new and beautiful sloop-of-war, of the 3d class, 16 guns, and is also ready for service. She was built at this yard, and was launched about three months since. The old frigate Constellation is in the Dry Dock, undergoing thorough repairs. The new Ropewalk at the Navy Yard works admirably. The machinery is driven by steam, and is capable of manufacturing upwards of 800 tons of rope and cordage per annum. This is the only establishment of the kind connected with the Navy. It is a fine stone building, with a slate roof, 1350 feet in length, including the head, where the machinery is placed. The rope manufactured is of a very superior quality. The Superintendent is Stephen Whitmore. All the public buildings are very spacious, and the discipline of the Yard, under Commodore Downes, the Cmomandant, is admirable. An hour or two may be spent in viewing the grounds, the vessels, the dock, &c, in a very agreeable and profitable manner. The number of visitors, at the present time, is very great.—*Atlas.*

Importance of Specie.—The amount of specie imported into the country during the year ending 30th September last, was $17,746,116, viz:—Gold bullion, $230,694; silver bullion $392,843; gold coin, $11,444,189; silver coin, $5,679,390. The amount of specie imported in the previous year was $10,566,781. In 1835, $13,400,381. In 1834, $17,911,632. In 1833, $4,129,675.

In the last five years the aggregate amount of specie imported into this country is over $77,000,000, besides what has been brought in by emigrants. Within the same period $27,000,000 perhaps have been exported, leaving a balance of $50,000,000 in favor of the United States, or an average of $10,000,000 per year. And yet if a few kegs of specie leave us, we have the fidgets at once.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Increase of the Growth of Cotton.—In the year 1791, the amount of cotton exported from the United States was 188,316 lbs; in 1798 it was not quite 1,900,000 lbs; in 1802 it was 27,501,075 lbs; in 1819 it was 87,997,045 lbs; in 1820 it was 127,860,152 lbs; in 1830 it was 298,459,102 lbs. The amount exported in 1838 was upwards of 639,000,000 lbs; leaving for home consumption 98,000,000 lbs; the whole crop, in round numbers, being estimated at seven hundred and thirty seven millions of pounds, which, at fourteen cents per pound, would be worth more than one hundred millions of dollars. This is a greater amount than ever was produced from all the gold and silver mines in the whole world in one year.—*Louisianian.*

From Liberia.—Liberia papers as late as the month of May have been received in this city.—The natives have made several hostile invasions in the settlements and many of the farms plundered. An attack on the Since settlement, three Americans are reported to have been killed, and seven wounded. The crew of the Emperor, Capt. Lawlin, while lying at St. Andrews, formed a plan to seize the ship and run off with her, but the plot being discovered they were arrested, and will be sent to this country for trial. A partial scarcity of provisions had prevailed in consequence of the destruction of the farms by the natives.—*National Gazette.*

A letter from Buenos Ayres states, that the cost of an ox at that place is about two silver dollars, and at that rate fifty thousand had been purchased and killed near the city for the hides and tallow, giving away the beef to those that came for it or leaving it to rot. And in market, a paper dollar (seven cents) would buy an arrobe (twenty five pounds) of beef; and all provisions raised in the country were in proportion. The produce of the country was accumulating in the city, and there was on hand 500,000 hides, 10,000 pipes tallow, 150,000 horse hides, and a large quantity of other articles for exportation, as soon as the blockade was raised, of which however, there was no prospect.

Colonels Warren and Mills, experienced commanders of militia regiments in Flordia, write to Gen. Macomb, under date of June 15th—the great body of the people of Florida are satisfied with the Provisional treaty with the Seminoles, and convinced that it will require time for their peaceable removal; that the excitement at Tallahassee and St Augustine, against the treaty, proceeds from persons interested in prolonging the war.

Improved Light for Light-Houses.—Since the 1st of April, the lamps which are used in the lanthorn of the Boston Light-House, have been filled with other material than oil. A gentleman of this city, has discovered a mode of manufacturing a combustible liquid, which will burn more brilliantly than oil—and which emits no smoke or gas—and of course, whenever it is used, there is no necessity to clean the glasses—and the light will be as brilliant at 4 o'clock in the morning, as at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Among the many valuable and important inventions of the day, none are more worthy of our consideration than that of F. P. Dimpfel, Esq. of New York. We refer to his 'Fuel Saving and Spark Consuming apparatus,' lately tested and its merits successfully proved upon the Stonington Railroad. By this machine the annoyance of sparks to travelers on railway cars is entirely done away. Not a spark is to be seen, nor a particle of smoke. All is consumed in the furnace. Said machine is very simple in its construction, and is intended to retain all the heat. It is affixed to the bottom of the engine, below the boiler, and by the aid of a fan blower, the motion of which is gained by a simple pulley attached to the wheel, the heat is caused to revolve, passing through the tubes of the boiler and machine in reciprocal succession. The saving in fuel is about one quarter.—*Providence Journal.*

The Centenary of Methodism.—It is a hundred years since Methodism came into existence, and the disciples of Wesley, in the old and new world, are celebrating the commencement of a new epoch by general contribution to a Centenary Fund, to be appropriated to advance and expand the glory of the Cross. In England more than a million of dollars has been contributed. In the United States, the work of collection has but recently commenced, and large sums have been already contributed. The fund raised here is to be divided between the superannuated preachers and the widows and orphans of deceased preachers, the cause of education and Christian missions at home and abroad.

Newspapers, &c.—The following statement is from the Washington Globe, for which paper it was furnished from returns made to the Post Office Department.

Newspapers, Magazines, and Periodicals, published in the United States, 1st July, 1839.

Maine,	41
New Hampshire,	26
Vermont,	31
Massachusetts, (at Boston 65)	124
Rhode Island,	14
Connecticut,	31
New York, (New York city 71)	274
New Jersey,	49
Maryland, (at Baltimore 20)	48
Pennsylvanie, (at Philadelphia 71)	253
Delaware,	3
Dist. of Columbia, (at Washington 11)	16
Virginia, (at Richmond 10)	52
North Carolina,	30
South Carolina,	20
Georgia,	33
Florida Territory,	9
Alabama,	34
Mississippi,	36
Louisiana, (at New Orleans 10)	26
Arkansas,	4
Tennessee,	50
Kentucky,	31
Ohio, (at Cincinnati 27)	164
Michigan,	31
Ioway Territory,	3
Wisconsin Territory,	5
Indiana,	69
Illinois,	33
Missouri,	25
	1555

Of the above, 116 are published daily, 14 tri-weekly, 30 semi-weekly, and 991 once a week. The remainder are issued semi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly, principally magazines and reviews. Many of the daily papers also issue tri-weeklies, semi-weeklies, and weeklies. Thirtyeight are in the German language, four in the French, and one in the Spanish. Several of the New Orleans papers are printed in French and English.

Steamboat Racing.—Since Judge McKinley's late extraordinary decision, the Act of Congress has no application to steamboats navigating the Mississippi, some of the captains of steamboats have begun to indulge in the dangerous and most reprhensible practice of racing; the prolific source of the awful disasters which has so frequently occurred on the Western waters. We learn by one of our New Orleans slips received yesterday, that three of the brag boats—the Edward Shippen, Sultana, and St Louis—recently left New Orleans together on a trial of speed up the Mississippi. Before starting they laid in their supplies of rosin, tar, and other combustibles employed in raising steam rapidly. They reached Vicksburg within boat's length of each other, and it will be a happy circumstance if the race is concluded without a murderous explosion and its attendant consequence.

Maine and Quebec Road.—The Kennebec Road so called, is to be considerably improved.—Four thousand dollars were appropriated at the late Session of Special Council for improving the Post road from Quebec to the State of Maine by the Kennebec river, including the hill at Point Levi.

The Boundary.—The Quebec Gazette publishes the following extract of a letter dated London, June 12:

'I think you may take it as certain that a special convention has either left this country, or will speedily be sent to America, for arranging the basis of a settlement of the disputes with the government of the United States, relative to the boundary question. Her majesty's advocate, Sir John Dodson, has for sometime been engaged in drawing up this convention, which I am told is in strict conformity with the instructions sent to the American minister at our Court.'

Silver Coin.—The New York Courier says that the Secretary of the Treasury is corresponding with some distinguished financiers of that city, on the subject of debasing the silver coin so as to prevent the exportation of it being a profitable business.—The Secretary is in favor of retaining the silver coin in the country by debasing it to less than its full value, as has already been done with the gold coin of the United States.

Novel Suit.—The Family of Mr. Steele, who was recently killed on the Trenton and Philadelphia Railroad, by an accident which occurred in consequence of the road being culpably out of repair, have sued the corporation for forty thousand dollars damages.

The colored citizens of Boston, friendly to the teetotal temperance principle, have made arrangements for an oration and a public dinner on the *first day of August*, the second anniversary of Emancipation in the West Indies. Oration by Rev. Jehail C. Beman.

From England.—By the arrival of the Great Western, at New York, on Monday, Lonoon papers of July 5th have been received.

The most important intelligence, is the declaration of war by the Sultan, against the Pacha of Egypt and Syria, on the 12th of June.

London, July 4.—We have to announce on the authority of letters of the 12th ult, from Constantinople, that the Sultan has not only declared war against Mehemet Ali, but as supreme Caliph of the Faithful, and Representative of the Prophet, pronounced sentence of excommunication against the Pacha and his son Ibrahim, deposing them from the goverment of Egypt and Syria. This sentence was pronounced by his Highness on the 9th, the fetvah or bull of malediction being prepared by the Grand Mufti, after a grave consultation of the most learned Doctors of Mussulman law. The 14th being Friday, the Mahomedan Sabbath, the sentence of excommunication was to be read in all the Mosques.

By movements in France there appears to be a disposition to befriend the Sultan; on the ground, it is presumed, of an apparent disposition of Russia to crush the Turkish authority. There are some indications also, of such a feeling in England.

Reports have been received which state that hostilities have already commenced, on the confines of Syria, between the Turkish and Egyptian armies. advantages are said to have been gained by the Turks. Mehemet Ali appears in high spirits, and ready for war. But whatever ability he may have to cope with the Sultan individually, it seems very manifest that, if the Sultan is to be backed by France, and especially by any other power, it will be impossible to sustain himself.

Cotton Market.—An interesting item of news from England, is the state of the cotton market,—the article having declined in price, within a few weeks past, nearly one cent and an half on the pound. This change must of necessity, materially affect the condition of those connected with the business in this country.

☞ The Philadelphia Institute for the cure of impediments of speech, will be opened in this city (Boston) for a short time only. Persons afflicted, desirous of availing themselves of its benefits, will please make immediate application. For admission, testimonials of good moral character will be required.

Communications, post paid, addressed to D. F. Newton, Christian Watchman Office, Wilson's lane, over Mechanic's Reading Room, will receive immediate attention. 3 t jy6

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Austin, Edward Keating, Esq. of Alton, Ill. to Miss Hannah M. daughter of Geo. Moody, Esq. of Boston.

In Cohasset, July 10 by Rev Mr Phipps, Rev Josiah Moore of Duxbury, to Maria Foster, eldest daughter of James C. Doane, Esq.

In Marblehead, July 18, Mr William Courtis, of the firm of Courtis & Pickering, of this city, to Miss Mehitable Appleton, daughter of Thomas Appleton, Esq.

In New-Haven, Ct. Lieut. Joseph Hill, U. S. Navy, to Miss Amelia, daughter of Capt. Elisha Hart of Saybrook, and sister of Mrs Com. Hull.

In Baltimore, Mr George Harrington, of Brunswick, Ga. formerly of Roxbury, Ms. to Miss Caroline W. Barney, of Baltimore.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 19, Ebenezer W. son of Mr Ephraim Marsh, 32.

In Watertown, July 23, Nathaniel Bemis, M. D. 54.

In Burlington, Vt. 12th inst. Mr Dwight Dean, 70.

In Noblebore', Me., Mrs Sally, wife of Stephen Coffin, Esq.

On his passage from Savannah to New York, 12th inst. after a few days illness, Rev. William V. Thacher, son of the late Charles Thacher, of this city, and Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Savannah.

This sad intelligence reached this city on Sunday last; as it were the very moment when a fond mother and sister were anxiously waiting his return; a brother and sister far away, and very many friends at home, anticipating the pleasure of meeting him again. But the All-wise Disposer of events has ordered otherwise, and he 'rests from his labors.' A mother mourns a pious and dutiful son; a brother, one with whom he took 'sweet counsel;' sisters, a fond and affectionate brother, Religion, a young and able advocate, and society, a useful and honored member. C.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN AND OTHERS, No. 17 Tremont Row—is open every day from 9 to one o'clock. This Institution is especially intended to afford greater facilities for a safe and appropriate investment of the earnings of Seamen, and others connected with a Seafaring life; but it is also designed for *all classes* in the community, and *is open to all*; thus enabling the industrious and frugal, by commencing early in life with saving a few dollars, to make a provision for times of need. Parents may here accumulate a fund for their children or by making them depositors teach them the advantage of saving habits, and thus inculcate a lesson of prudence and economy which will be remembered through life.

☞ Money deposited on or before the second Wednesday of July will be put on interest at that time.

SAMUEL H. WALLEY *Treasurer.*

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THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quincy, Mass, if early application be made.

Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.

Terms.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter.

june 8 eop6mo

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jan 12 istf

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No 120. 'Come over and Help Us.' A Letter to Rev. George Putnam, by E. Peabody.

No. 121. 'To the Law and the Testimony.' A discourse on the deference paid to the Scriptures by Unitarians, by James Walker.

No. 122. Remarks on Creeds, Intollerance, and Exclusion, by William E. Channing, D. D.

No. 123. Charges against Unitarianism, by E. Peabody.

No. 124. A tribute to the Memory of Noah Worcester, D. D., by W. E. Channing.

No. 125. The Nature, Reality and Power of Christian Faith, by Henry Ware jr.

No. 126 The Sunday School, a discourse pronounced before the Sunday School Society, by Wm E. Channing.

No. 127. What is Truth? by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody.

No. 128. A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism. A statement of Facts.

No. 129. True Grounds of Christian Unity, by Rev. G. Putnam.

No. 130. A Rational Faith competent to the wants of Man.

No. 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.

No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.

No. 133. The Future Life, by William E. Channing.

No. 134. Repentance the Ground of Forgiveness, by Rev. Joseph Hutton, LL. D, of London.

No. 135. The worship of the Father, a service of Gratitude and Joy. By W. E. Channing.

No. 136. Reason and Revelation. By Rev. A. A. Livermore.

No. 137. Fidelity in Duty, not accuracy in Belief, our test of the Christian Character. By Andrew P. Peabody.

No 138. The Unitarian Reform. By Rev. J. F. Clarke.

No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.

No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B Hall.

No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.

No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and on Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.

No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.

The Tracts of the A. U. A. can be had of the publishers, bound in eleven volumes at the low price of 75 cents per volume.

JAMES MUNROE & CO.

Agents of the American Unitarian Association,

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NEW BOOKS—WM. CROSBY & CO. have for sale the following among many other new and valuable books;—

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Poetical works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.
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PORTRAIT OF DR CHANNING.—Just published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington Street. Jy 27

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FRUIT GARDEN.—Second edition.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. have just issued the second edition this season, of *Fruit Garden Companion*, by E. Sayers, a cheap, practical work on the best manner of cultivating the various kinds of fruit.—'Those who are lucky enough to have gardens should buy the book and make use of it.'

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Mr. Sayer is a regularly educated and practical Gardener, having spent his early years in the Royal Gardens of London; and his residence and late experience in this country has given him a knowledge of its soil, climate and culture. july. 27.

VALUABLE BOOKS, published by JAMES MUNROE & Co, 134 Washington street, Boston—

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TEACHER WANTED—To instruct the High School of Taunton;—in the Common English branches, mathematics and the Greek and Latin languages:—to commence on the 2nd day of September next. Applications (post paid) should be made soon.

ERASTUS MALTBY.

Secretary of School Committee.

Taunton, July 8, 1839.

POETRY.

THE LITTLE HAND.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

Thou wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth in azure tinge.
With frolic smiles and gladness meek,
Thy radiant brow is drest;
While fondly to thy mother's cheek
Thy little hand is pressed.

That little hand! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
Ere time its tiny bones shall knit
With manhood's sinews stern?
The artist's pencil shall it guide,
Or spread the snowy sail?
Or hold the plough with rural pride,
Or ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthian maze,
With thrilling ardor rove;
Or weave those tender, tuneful lays,
That beauty wins from love?
Old Coke or Blackstone's learned tome
With weary toil explore;
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch be o'er?

The pulse of languid sickness press,
Or such high honor gain
As in the pulpit raised, to bless
A pious listening train?
Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervor cold,
Or startling feel the envenomed clasp
Of treachery's serpent fold?

Or linked in hallowed union, blest
Of changeless love benign,
Press some fair infant to thy breast,
As thou dost cling to mine?
But oh! may the Almighty Friend
From whom our being came,
This dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame;

From cruel war's discolored blade,
From withering penury's pain;
From dark oppresion's direful trade,
And from the miser's gain.
Grant it to dry the tear of wo,
Wild folly's course restrain;
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain.

Write wisdom on the wing of time,
Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And, with benevolence sublime,
Dispense the light of truth.
Discharge a just, a useful part,
Through life's uncertain maze;
Till, coupled with an angel's heart,
It strikes the lyre of praise.

[From the Pittsburg Saturday Evening Visiter.]

'LET THERE BE LIGHT.'

BY V. G. ALLYN.

Night, stern, eternal, and alone,
Girded with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound—
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which veils the tomb;
While circling ages wheeled away
Unnoted 'mid the voiceless gloom.

Then moved upon the waveless deep,
The quickening spirit of the Lord,
And broken was its pulseless sleep,
Before the everlasting Word!
'Let there be light!' and listening earth,
With tree, and plant and flowery sod,
'In the beginning' sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

Then in his burning track, the sun
Trod onward to his joyous noon,
And in the heavens, one by one,
Clustered the stars around the moon—
In glory bathed the radiant Day,
Wore like a king, his crown of light—
And girdled by the 'Milky Way,'
How queenly looked the star-gemmed Night!

Then from the choirs celestial rang
Triumphantly the notes of song;
The morning stars together sang
In concert with the heavenly throng!
And earth, enraptured, caught the strain
That thrilled along her fields of air,
Till every mountain top and plain,
Flung back an answering echo there.

Creator! let thy spirit shine
The darkness of our souls within,
And lead us by thy grace divine
From the forbidden paths of sin;
And may that voice which bade the earth,
From Chaos and the realms of Night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth
To God's own liberty and light!

Thus, made partakers of Thy love
The baptism of the spirit ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renewed in purposes and powers,—
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of heaven—
The glorious songs which angels sing
Exulting over souls forgiven!

Plainfield, Conn. 1839.

THE SABBATH.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE,* IN HER 15TH YEAR.

Hark! hark! the Sabbath bells
Are calling us to prayer;
Their sound floats over hills and dells,
Borne on the morning air:—
Now swelling with the swelling breeze,
Now ceasing as its murmurs cease.

They tell us 'tis the time
To seek for heavenly love—
To cleanse the heart from guilt and crime,
And raise the soul above:
They warn us on this holy day
To cast our earthly thoughts away.

It is the day to rest—
To quit our earthly things—
To let each thought within the breast
Rise on Devotion's wings;
To lay our bosom's secrets bare,
And crush the evil lurking there.

It is the day to weep—
To sorrow for our sin;
The time the strictest watch to keep
On thoughts that work within—
To humble all ourselves before
Our God, and tremblingly adore.

It is the day of grace—
The day to be forgiven—
The time to seek the Savior's face
And fix our hearts on heaven;
To bow before His mighty throne,
From whom we hope for grace alone.

It is the time to smile,
Grateful for mercies past—
For blessings we receive the while,
And hope for to the last;
To thank the Lord, who thus would bless,
Yet feel our own unworthiness.

It is the time to love—
To know each tie is dearer—
To feel the links that nature wove,
Are to the heart the nearer;
For what is sweeter on this day,
Than, with the hearts we love, to pray?

It is the time to hope—
To look beyond the tomb—
To give our spirits wider scope,
And let them higher roam;
And, with the piercing eye of Faith,
See through the shadowy veil of death.

And oft, upon this day,
I've heard the Sabbath bell
Toll forth the mournful sign, to lay
One in his narrow cell—
To moulder in his native dust,
Till earth again resign her trust.

Our Sabbaths *here* are short:
O may we be forgiven;
And make them the divine support
To lead us up to heaven!
For blessed souls, by praise and prayer,
Make an eternal Sabbath *there*.

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* Sister of Mrs Hemans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEWSPAPER PRESS IN FRANCE.

Before visiting France, and Paris especially, I was quite unable to comprehend the actual condition of the French Press. The very frequent prosecutions instituted in behalf of the Government against the publishers of newspapers here, led me to suppose, in common with Americans generally who have not been here, that a censorship upon the press exists here to an extent that is most arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust, and that, in truth, the boasted liberty of the press in France, is wholly ideal, and in no wise a practical affair. But, in being here I understand the subject very differently; and I am fully persuaded, that in no part of the world is the public press so chaste and elevated, as a general characteristic, as in France, and in no part of the world is it more free, or less limited in the rights and privileges of a free press. In point of manly, dignified, and philosophical tone, the French newspaper press is a model from which not only England, but the United States, may copy to very great advantage. And besides this, the French Government have instituted a law on the subject of newspaper slanders that is far in advance of both the law and policy of England and of the United States. For instance, the proprietors of each journal or newspaper here, are compelled, by law, to insert the reply of any individual who may have been named or attacked in their journal, (from the King down to the laborer,) under a penalty of from fifty to five hundred francs, without prejudice to any damages to which the article may have given rise. This reply must be inserted in the day which follows the receipt of it, and without charge, unless the reply be more than double the length of the original article or paragraph, in which case it must be paid for as an advertisement.

How much the American press would be improved, if a similar summary and compulsory method of obtaining a correction of its slanders existed there.

It is not true, as has been too generally supposed, that the newspapers here are restrained by a censorship from publishing whatever the proprietors of them may choose, either concerning public or private individuals—concerning *Louis Phillippe*, the King, no less than any of his subjects—but they publish at the hazard, and upon the responsibility of prosecution, in case they are unable to make out a good and satisfactory justification. It is only precisely so that the press is situated in the United States. The difference in the condition of the press here and there lies in this: the temper of the people, public officers as well as others, is not so stoical and indifferent to newspaper calumnies here as in the United States; and, as a consequence, few libels here escape prompt and merited prosecution. Prompt prosecutions, and the certainty of punishment, discourage slander and vituperation. But in the United States, where few or no prosecutions of the kind occur, the reverse is most lamentably true. And there are probably more falsehoods, more downright, illiberal calumnies, published every year in the United States concerning individuals, with the sole view of degrading them in public estimation, than there are of truths published by the same presses, respecting either the same or all other individuals, with only the honest view of having such individuals fairly estimated by the public. There the injured party is too busy to endure, or recoils at the perplexity of prosecuting the slanderer; and, of consequence, nine hundred and ninety-nine of such libellers in every thousand escape with impunity, and become emboldened in their vocation of defamation. It is in this way the American people have become familiar with *one* of the most licentious conditions of the press that exists in the world. Still, such licentiousness is no part of the freedom of the press—it does not appertain to a free press. Liberty, civil or political, does not consist of any right or privilege to inflict wrongs. On the contrary, if parties injured so unnecessarily in the United States by the press, would take upon themselves the trouble and expense of punishing this licentiousness whenever manifested, the press in America would be no less free, in every rightful sense of that term, than it now is; but it would be chaste, wary, and elevated in its character, as in the press here.

It may likewise be remarked, that these precautionary measures, and rigor of public opinion, relative to the press here, do not, as some migh erroneously argue without exact knowledge of the facts, in any degree retard the publication, or lessen the number of newspapers. Newspapers in France—in Paris especially—are probably as numerous as in any city of the world of like amount of population. I will recapitulate an authentic exhibit, which I have lately seen of the copies of daily sheets which some of the establishments here circulate, viz: The *Press* circulates daily 9,700 copies; the *Siecle* 11,660; the *Debats* 9,166; the *Constitutionel* 5883; the *Gazette* 5,000; the *Courier* 5 000; the *Times* 2433; *Quotidienne* 3,333; the *National* 3,333; the *Journal General* 1,456; the *Commerce* 3,100.

The papers enumerated are but a portion of the periodical publications in this city. But, from the daily aggregate thus furnished, one may judge how much of a reading public the French are, and how free the press here must be, in fact, to be perpetuated upon a scale so extensive. The expenses of a daily paper here to subscribers scarcely equals that of a corresponding publication in the United States. The *Press*, or the *Siecle*, for instance, cost but 40 francs, or say $8 per annum.

ENGLISHWOMEN AS THEY WERE.—Time was when the women of England were accustomed almost from their childhood, to the constant employment of their hands. It might be sometimes in the elaborate works of fancy, now ridiculed for their want of taste, and still more frequently in household avocations, now fallen into disuse from their incompatibility with modern refinement. I cannot speak with unqualified praise of the *objects* on which they bestowed their attention; but if it were possible, I would write in characters of gold, the indisputable fact, that the *habits* of industry and personal exertion thus acquired, gave them a strength and dignity of character, a power of usefulness, and a capability of doing good, which the highest theories of modern education fail to impart. They were, in some instances, less qualified for travelling on the continent without an interpreter, but the women of whom I am speaking seldom went abroad. Their sphere of action was at their own firesides, and the world in which they moved was one where pleasure of the highest, purest order, naturally, necessarily arises out of acts of duty fatihfully performed.—*Mrs Ellis.*

[From the New York Journal of Commerce]

THE DAGUERROTYPE, OR SOLAR ENGRAVING.

Much curiosity has been excited among our artists and connoisseurs, to ascertain the secret of Daguerre's discovery. It is very common in certain circles, we are told, to notice fingers blackened by the nitrate of silver. We believe as yet, none of our experimenters have been able to *retain the color* imparted to the nitrated paper by the sun's rays. They also find their images inverted. We have heard it intimated that the French government are about to make arrangements with Mr. Daguerre, by which, in the course of two or three years, the benefit of his discovery will be imparted fully to the public. Within this period it is expected that the whole matter will be found out in this country!

As usual in such cases, the credit of Mr. Daguerre's discovery is claimed by a host of competitors. And in truth there is evidence that others have anticipated him in some of the principal features of the art. The London Athenæum says,—

The most curious fact in relation to this discovery yet remains to be told. It would appear, considering the character of the pictures, all but impossible that impressions from them could be multiplied after the manner of an engraving; M. Daguerre, indeed, stated to us that it was impossible, and it is but reasonable to believe that he is as fully informed of the nature and extent of the discoveries as M. Niepce himself. Yet, in 1837, M. Niepce not only declared that it was possible, but produced specimens of such multiplied copies; and Mr. Bauer has now in his possession, not only copies of engravings fixed permanently by the action of light, not only scenes from nature, but metallic plates engraved, and engravings copied from them; and he understood and believed and believes that no engraving tool was used, but that the drawings were fixed by the action of light, and the plates subsequently engraved by a chemical process, discovered by M. Niepce. If so, the greatest secret of all remains yet to be made public, and is, we believe, as unknown to M. Daguerre as to others.

[From a late British Journal.]

ARTIFICIAL GRANITE ROADS.

Since Wednesday week, a number of workmen have been employed in laying down a pathway in that path of Bird-Cage walk just at Storcy's Gate, and fronting the late residence of the honorable Mrs. Norton. The material composing the pathway is a new invention, styled 'Artificial granite,' and a 'mineral, animal, and vegetable combination.' The process adopted in the laying it down is similar to that of the asphalte, the composition being poured out boiling hot upon the loose gravel, with which it amalgamates. A few minutes suffice to make the composition quite cold, and as hard as the hardest stone. The appearance of that part of the pathway already finished is that of a finely polished and black block of marble. It is said to be impervious to wet, will not be affected by the sun, like the asphalte, and its durability is even greater than marble itself, which has been proved from the fact, that a rough piece of marble or granite can be rubbed perfectly smooth on a block of this composition without apparently wearing the latter. Its hardness may be judged from the following test: A block, about five feet by three, and two inches in thickness, was struck for several minutes with heavy sledge hammers by the workmen and it failed to break; whereas marble, granite or any other stone would have flown to pieces. This composition is the invention of M. d'Harcourt, a French gentleman, who is laying down the above mentioned pathway by order of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who intend, should the experiment succeed, to have the whole length of Bird-Cage walk down in a similar manner, as also the parade in front of the new Palace.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF MADNESS.

I travelled in 1815 through the south of France. Something put it into my head to visit a prison. It contained besides the ordinary prisoners, some who were deranged. One of them, whose madness was extremely inoffensive, enjoyed a sort of liberty in the interior of the prison. He had been accustomed to this sort of existence, and never dreamt that it was possible to live any other way. On my entry into the court yard, he came up to me and saluted me with much politeness. 'Good day, sir,' he said. 'How do you do?' 'Very well, how are you?' 'You see my head?' 'And what of that?' 'Ah you don't know my history. My head, like many others, was cut off; the execution was scarcely finished, when the officer was informed that I had been guillotined by mistake. Immediately he took up a head from a great panier, which unfortunately was not mine, and he placed it on my neck. It is well attached, as you see.' And the unfortunate man threw himself about, to convince me that his head was solidly fastened to his shoulders. 'It holds well, sir; it looks perfectly; but nevertheless, there is something wrong. How unfortunate that they were mistaken in the head?' And he went off, weeping, again to tell his story to the first visitor he should meet. I inquired into his history. He had been condemned to death, and his pardon had arrived at the moment of cutting off his hair.—He had felt the coldness of the scissors. That case of madness was explained; but who will account for this? The same prison contained another madman, who had been a sea captain. He passed his life in culling, seasoning, and eating sallad. He commenced as soon as he was awake, and only ended when sleep closed his eyes. He never eat any thing but sallad, culled and seasoned by himself, spoke to no one, and never answered any questions, being always too much hurried to finish a labor which was incessantly renewed. The family of this poor man had placed an old servant with him, whose only occupation consisted in bringing him sallad and sweeping away the refuse parts.—*Note Book of a French Officer.*

A few facts about London.—London is the largest and richest city in the world, occupying a surface of thirty two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high; it contained in 1831 a population of one million four hundred and seventy one thousand nine hundred and forty one. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In 1834 there entered the port of London three thousand seven hundred and eighty six British ships, one thousand two hundred and eighty foreign ships; two thousand six hundred and sixty nine were registered as belonging to it in 1832, with thirty two thousand seven hundred and eighty six seamen. The London Dock covers twenty acres. The two West Indian Docks cover fifty one acres; St. Katherine's Docks cover twenty four acres. There are generally five thousand vessels and three thousand boats on the river, employing eight thousand watermen and four thousand laborers. London pays about one-third of the window duty in England.

The number of houses assessed are about one hundred and twenty thousand, rated at upwards of five millions sterling; about one third are not assessed. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and public houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are upwards of ten thousand; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhere about a fourth of this number. Numbering all the courts, streets, lanes, squares, places, and rows, they amount to upwards of ten thousand; and on account of their extreme points, no individual could pass through them in the space of one whole year.

England.—At no period from the English revolution to the present time, have the affairs of England been in as precarious a situation as they now are. Every mail brings additional information calculated to induce the belief that before long an extensive internal commotion will shake the kingdom. It is in vain to shut one's eyes to the fact; and if we were to do so, it would only be to have them quickly opened by the long coming catastrophe. Britain at this hour is more an object of solicitude to the powers of Europe than she has ever been. The monarchies of the world stand anxiously gazing on the *moral* revolution now going forward, and are endeavoring to arrive at some proper conclusion as to how to proceed when the *physical* revolution shall develope itself. We well know the downfall of the English nation has been a long predicted occurrence, and generation after generation has passed away, only to prove the baseless visions of the political prophets who have thus predicted—England in the mean time extending her territory and her power. We well know this, and are therefore far from desirous of incurring the censure frequently, but justly cast upon those who have professed to speak with certainty of the future, who do not hesitate to say a change will ere long take place in the English government. The system which for so many years has contributed to the enormous wealth, extravagance and luxury of the few, while the many have toiled, groaned and suffered, has within a few years past been thoroughly investigated. It is now understood and condemned—not condemned by a few miserable, weak gamblers, who would chatter, suffer and expire; the sterling yeomanry of England now understand it, and have decreed that this miserable system shall exist no longer. Their decree is not idle—the English Lords may think so; may, as in former times, be led to regard the action of the people as unworthy of notice. They will make a great mistake—the conjunction of church and state, the combination of wealth and family influence, cannot save their favorite system. It will fall, even if a bloody revolution be necessary to achieve its destruction.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Emigration.—The Liverpool Albion speaks of the emigration of people from that port to the United States as extensive. The quays of the north docks (it says) are, at the present moment, crowded with men, women and children, awaiting the departure of vessels. The New York packet ships take out their full complement of steerage passengers. The ships of large tonnage can carry upwards of three hundred souls. The passage money for the steerage passengers on board of one of the liners reached the large sum of £1,000. So that, if the steamers should deprive the packet ships of the cabin, they will not, for some time to come, take from them the steerage passengers also.—*Courier.*

Van Dieman's Annual for 1839.—By the statistical tables in this volume, we perceive that the free population is gradually, though not rapidly, increasing, the total number of free inhabitants in Van Dieman's Land at the close of 1837, being 21,649, and in 1838, they amounted to 23,244, being an increase in one year of 1,592 free settlers. The religious sects amount to eight, viz. of Church of England Protestants there are 16,094; Church of Scotland, 2551; of Rome, 2,218; Wesleyans, 1,289; Baptists 175; Independants 655; Quakers 90; Jews 132. There is also a return of the convict population, which amounted, at the close of December, 1836, to 15,400 males; the females were 2,196. At the end of December, 1837, the males had increased to 15,666, but the females were only 2,086, showing a decrease in this class of 110. Thus we have a grand total of 41,512 persons. The capital, Hobart's Town, consists of twenty-one streets, containing 1,847 houses, of these eighty have been built since last year's returns. There is also a list of imports and exports between other countries, from which it appears that in 1837, the imports at Hobart's Town amounted to nearly 350,000*l*, at Launceston to nearly 200,000*l*. The exports from Hobart's Town about 205.000*l*., from Launceston about 260,000*l*., and both exprt and import trade appear to be increasing, but not in any extraordinary manner.

We hope all which is said below of the young Queen of England. We know nothing which should lead us to suppose it untrue.

Queen Victoria.—The Queen's attention to business is unremitting; neither exercise, amusement, sleep, nor even meals, are allowed to cause the least delay to the public service; and in activity, and forgetfulness of self where duty is concerned, there are few who might not benefit by Royal example. She has been known to rise and quit the room, when but just seated at the dinner table, leaving her attendants to their repast, while her attention has been first given to the newly arrived despatch box. As her Majesty has never appointed a private Secretary, political affairs pass through no hands but those of the Sovereign and her Ministers. Not many people are aware of the labor which is thus entailed upon her. The character of our Queen is national property; and time only is required for the country fully to appreciate the quiet perseverance, tact, gentleness, and firmness, which will be found united in that of our youthful Sovereign.

Translated from a Paris Journal.

Gambling.—The suicide of a young man at Avignon, has lately created great excitement in that city. Before the execution of his fatal design he wrote the following letter to the King's Attorney:

Avignon, April 13, 1839.

Sir; I die by my own hand. Overpowered by the great losses I met with at play, I resolved, six months ago, to execute what I am resolved this day to accomplish. Domestic calamities have also hastened the step. My mother has made repeated sacrifices, to enable me to meet some large debts I had contracted, and, not being able any longer to take advantage of her affection, I am resolved to die. She has just sold an estate, and I should have finished by ruining her entirely, for I cannot master this passion which has ruled me.

Sir, I have no right to prescribe your duty,—but I ought to say that there exist in our city infamous establishments, where the young gamble away money, in some instances stolen from their fathers—the father of a family loses his children's bread, and the laborer the wages of the day—and hence, sir, spring trouble and desolation to many households. To one of these houses I owe my ruin. These establishments are prohibited by law, though they exist in the centre of our city.

May my death save others from similar anguish, and give a salutary lesson to both father and son.

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